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THE Nation

VOLUME 143 NEW YORK • SATURDAY • SEPTEMBER 5, 1936 NUMBER 10

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The Shape of Things

*

DR. HJALMAR SCHACHT'S VISIT TO PARIS IS closely in line with the implication behind Thomas Lamont's statement of a week ago—that France and Germany are about to settle their differences at the expense of the Soviet Union. It is evident that Hitler is making a desperate and not wholly unsuccessful effort to offset anti-Nazi sentiment by launching a vigorous drive to "save Europe from communism." The situation in Spain, where the Communist and Socialist parties are supporting the government in a valiant struggle against reaction, gives timeliness to the attack. Schacht had nothing very tangible to offer France in the way of trade concessions, but his pointed assurance that the latest rearmament measures were directed not against France but against the Soviet Union could not fail to make an impression in French conservative circles. If we could have assurance that the Popular Front would retain office for another year, this development need give little concern. But the situation in France is by no means as auspicious as it was a few months ago. Recent reports indicate that the middle-class supporters of the Radical Socialists are becoming increasingly apprehensive over the rising costs imposed by the government's reform program. Barring immediate devaluation, a number of small businesses are likely to be driven to the wall in the coming months, creating an atmosphere not unlike that which existed in Germany in 1932. Whether the Blum government, paralyzed by legalistic and parliamentary scruples, will rouse itself in face of danger is an open question. It will have to act soon if it is to act at all.

*

WHEN PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT SET OUT ON his non-political tour of the drought areas he left his political fences in thoroughly competent hands. He had scarcely reached the Dakotas when the doughty Ickes, speaking over the radio in Washington, took the hide off Landon, tacked it up to dry, and scrawled William Randolph Hearst across it. Specifically, Mr. Ickes produced a memorandum from Mr. Hearst to George F. Harding, newly elected Republican National Committeeman for Illinois, in which Mr. Hearst made all too clear his intimate relationship with the Republican candidate at least in the last days of June. Since then, to be sure, Mr. Landon has come out against the teachers' oath which is one of Mr. Hearst's favorite patriotic playthings. On the other hand, Mr. Landon's Buffalo speech was mainly a denun-

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ciation of the tax on corporation surpluses, a piece of legislation which Mr. Hearst particularly detested and which no doubt looms larger in his mind than oaths for mere teachers. In this speech Mr. Landon again identified himself with the pure and simple school of economics immortalized by Calvin Coolidge.

*

THE FISCAL POLICY OF ROOSEVELT LEAVES much to be desired, but from what we hear of the Kansas schools we fervently hope that the sphere of operations of the Kansas Koolidge will never be enlarged. The indications are that it will not be. At this writing Roosevelt seems stronger than at any time since the election season opened. His trip into the West will undoubtedly have a great political effect, largely because his assertion that it is non-political is at least half true. The decline of the Townsend influence is definitely indicated in the recent California results. Moreover, the overwhelming victories of Senators Harrison and Byrnes in their respective states —Byrnes polled more than 200,000 votes after campaigning on his record as a New Dealer as against 32,000 for the two opposing candidates—are significant even though the South's support of Roosevelt was not doubted. Another straw in the wind is the fact that the Baltimore *Sun* has swung to Roosevelt and even the New York *Times* is manifesting an unwonted editorial glow for the Democratic candidate. In general the newspapers seem to have decided that the die is cast. We hope, however, that what looks like certain victory will not prevent further forays by Mr. Ickes. His characterization of Mr. Landon as the "strong silenced man" is worthy of companion pieces.

*

THE APPOINTMENT OF WILLIAM BULLITT TO succeed Jesse Isidor Straus as American Ambassador to France does not get our undiluted praise. At the present moment the Paris post is probably the most important in the whole diplomatic service. Policies are being evolved in France today which will ultimately affect the future of world democracy. With a left government in power America's ambassador should be a man who can work in reasonably close harmony with the leaders of French political life. He should be a man who by experience and temperament has shown indisputably that he can handle men of all political persuasions. Mr. Straus, although far from a Socialist, appears to have adjusted himself to the situation admirably. His embassy staff is reported to have been one of the most efficient in Europe. Mr. Bullitt, on the other hand, is unlikely to be acceptable either to the left or the extreme right. As the New York *Herald Tribune* accurately points out, his former pro-Soviet sympathies make him distrusted by the conservatives while his present violent antipathy to communism ill fits him for a post in a country in which friendship for the Soviet Union is the cornerstone of its foreign policy. Responsible observers have reported that the American embassy in Moscow is practically isolated from the main currents of Soviet political life. The American people cannot afford to have the same thing happen in Paris.

THE FAR EAST, ITS TROUBLES, CONFLICTS, hopes, and fears received a thorough scientific airing at the sixth conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations. A meeting of the institute is never a mere good-will get-together of official representatives who, with one eye on home consumption, indulge in badinage about international brotherhood. It is rather a discussion by scholars and statesmen, in the hard, cold light of realism, based on several years of research along a program laid down in advance. It is only such talk as this that can uncover the basic causes of friction. At the Yosemite conference Dr. Hu Shih, China's leading philosopher and political thinker, stated bluntly why Japan could never hope for that "cooperation" it wants from China while it still plans further aggression. The Japanese delegation, led by the former Foreign Minister and possible future Prime Minister, Kenkichi Yoshizawa, said openly that Japan contemplated the use of force in its relations with China and the U.S.S.R. James G. MacDonald of the United States, former head of the Foreign Policy Association and League High Commissioner, told the conference a hard truth when he said that no realistic settlement of Far Eastern difficulties could ever be reached without recognition of what Japan calls its "special position" in China. General Sir Kenneth Wigram of Great Britain gave no uncertain warning to Japan that his country was prepared to maintain its imperial responsibilities in the Pacific to the full. These may be unpleasant realities to face. But here, and not in idealistic platitudes, is the stuff, if it is anywhere, that makes for international understanding.

*

MR. HEARST'S *DRUG WORLD*, WHICH HAS been conducting a campaign against "Facts and Frauds in Feminine Hygiene" (referred to in *The Nation* of August 1), published in its issue of July 31 two interesting letters, with an editorial exegesis. The first was signed by a Katherine S. Bixler, who asked to be entered as a subscriber to *Drug World*. The second was on its face considerably less harmless. It read:

> If you were to investigate the personnel division of the Department of Labor, Washington, D. C., you would probably find that the coauthor of a recent book on feminine hygiene, which you lambasted a few weeks ago, is drawing pay from Uncle Sam. Better look up another person in the same division, named B——, who probably got her the job. A READER

Striking facts about the communications which were pointed out by the editor of *Drug World* are that they both were written on penny postcards and both were postmarked Easton, Pennsylvania. What *Drug World* did not add is also interesting. The "coauthor of a recent book on feminine hygiene" can be none other than Rachel Lynn Palmer, coauthor of "Facts and Frauds in Feminine Hygiene"; Mrs. Palmer is the wife of Dewey H. Palmer, who left the staff of Consumers' Research to join the strikers in their battle with that organization. More interesting still, however, is the fact that the secretary of F. J. Schlink, who still heads Consumers' Research and presumably continues to maintain the labor policy which

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cost him a large percentage of his working force last winter, is (unless she has been lately fired) a young lady named Katherine S. Bixler. Can you imagine a more interesting coincidence than that?

*

"REALISTIC" IS THE WORD MOST OFTEN USED to describe the French people, and with reason. We hardly expect them to be much impressed by Il Duce's warning that nations with empty cribs can't expect to win or hold empires. For a realistic way of looking at things is one way of finding out that full cribs, in a capitalist world, often mean empty larders. Besides, the French are notoriously a home-loving folk, rather fond on the whole of minding their own business. Their empire building, such as it is, has been a sort of left-handed affair, without the British zeal for carrying the light of civilization (made in Manchester) to those who dwell in darkness, without Hitler's messianic Aryanism (German model), and without that Ducean magniloquence that gives Italian Fascist imperialism a touch of Verdi gone mad. An ambitious dictator might win or bludgeon them away from their thrifty addiction to birth-control, but we hope not. We like children, and therefore we are not fond of seeing whole flocks of hungry little ragamuffins out in the streets with their parents begging for pennies, as in Il Duce's happy land. Italy's overpopulation of children may one day be useful to its dictator as food for cannon and tropical diseases, but the children have no very bright prospect of getting anything out of life for themselves. That is one reason why we never look at the face of Il Duce without thinking how much it looks like a cartoonist's nightmare of Moloch, the god who devours the young.

*

THE NEW DEAL HAS BEEN RICH IN paradoxes. One of the most striking is its recklessness, since it is basically a device for preserving the status quo, in giving scope to the impulses toward socialization which run strongly in a society long before it is able to throw off its capitalistic bonds. The TVA is one example of this recklessness. The Federal Art Project is another—on a much smaller scale. On later pages of this issue the reader will find a brief introduction to the activities of the project along with a limited number of samples of the work being done in the graphic-arts division. (A really adequate representation will be found in the first national exhibition of the project to be held at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City beginning September 16 and shown thereafter in various cities.) As Miss Marshall points out in her article, the problem of the artist is not solved by putting him on relief. The Federal Art Project has contributed to a solution by conserving the talent and morale of a group that has always been hard hit, in and out of prosperity; its directors are avowedly concerned with demonstrating the function of art as a social instrument. Meanwhile there is no doubt that the launching of the project coincided with a new popular interest in the arts. The Metropolitan Museum of Art reports, for instance, that in 1933-34 its first series of Neighborhood Circulating Exhibitions was attended by 82,332 persons in a six months' season. In 1935 the attendance, also for a six months' season, rose to 299,020; and during the first seven months of the third season now in progress 352,409 people have visited the neighborhood exhibitions, which are held in library branches, settlement houses, schools, and other available buildings.

*

THIS IS THE TIME WHEN CITIZENS ARE supposed to pant for advance information on how the country will go in November. In an article on another page Paul Ward analyzes the Maine prospects and subjects the myth "As Maine goes, so goes the nation" to a thorough examination. On September 3 the Baltimore *Sun* starts a poll of every registered voter in Maryland, a state which has been a better reflector of political trends than Maine. Beginning with the first Cleveland race in 1884, Maryland voters have returned a plurality for the winning Presidential candidate in every compaign save that of 1888, when Harrison beat Cleveland. Even then it came close, giving Cleveland less than a 7,000-vote lead. Herbert Hoover carried the state by 77,853 votes in 1928; Roosevelt carried it by 130,130 in 1932. All six of its Congressmen and both its Senators are Democrats. Its Governor is a Republican. There is no Senatorial or gubernatorial contest in the state this year, and all parties will be represented on the *Sun's* ballot except the Union Party, which does not appear on the official ballot either. All honor to the *Sun,* and may it succeed in starting another slogan: "As Maryland goes——."

*

ELEVEN NATIONS HAVE BEEN INVITED TO discuss plans for "humanizing" the Spanish civil war. In general the question of "humanizing" war has always absorbed us. With a good deal of logical acumen —not to be too modest about it—we have worked the whole thing out. In order to experience war in its most humane aspect, a soldier must get killed. This makes him a hero to his country, provides his family with a pension from a grateful government, and renders it unnecessary for him to earn a living in a post-war world. Obviously the alternative of being seriously wounded and probably crippled is not so agreeable; to be slightly wounded is not so agreeable either, because it may mean reentrance into the trenches and later on the difficulty, referred to above, of going on living. But once this principle is established, it is plainly absurd for governments to go to the large expense of having soldiers killed in battle. It would be infinitely less costly and more humane—since to be humane is our objective—for the number of civilians that the next war may be expected to kill to be chosen by lot to commit suicide at home in some painless and inexpensive manner. The War Department chemists could doubtless invent the proper pill; the national economy could continue almost uninterrupted except for a grand state funeral en masse; and the poets would find the epitaph already to hand: *Dulce et decorum est pro patria suicaedere.*

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It's a Pipe Dream, Mr. President

MR. ROOSEVELT'S proposal to grasp history by the forelock and haul it into a super-conference room has about it a breath-taking directness. Of course, to have the plan break now has obvious vote-getting possibilities: one of the weakest points in Mr. Landon's none too sturdy armor is his lack of interest in international affairs and his incapacity to think on a world scale; this is the time for Mr. Roosevelt, whose economic nationalism had begun to worry people, to emphasize his own map-vaulting stature. Of course, also, in the face of American isolationist sentiment, the plan had to be denied officially. But we can be certain that it wasn't spun out of Arthur Krock's mind. It hangs together too well with the President's known temper and mental habits.

Think of it. You bring the dictators and the potentates of Europe into a conference room, much as you might bring Jesse Jones and Harold Ickes and Harry Hopkins and Carter Glass. You seat them around a table, face to face and man to man, and let them iron their differences out. Stalin, Hitler, King Edward, Mussolini—they are the key men today in world affairs, and Mr. Roosevelt's technique has always been to get at the key men, let them talk, keep them good-humored, and effect a compromise. It is just the sort of situation where he can bring into play his enormous talent for personal persuasion.

Actually, of course, this is a new Europe that we are facing. Its dictators believe, even more than does Mr. Roosevelt, in direct and resolute action. They are even more ready than he to brush aside the cobwebs of an exhausted social order. Like him they dare to be daring.

The real difficulty with Mr. Roosevelt's plan is not that it is too daring but that it is too disembodied. Its premise —that the causes and the solutions of international strife are personal—is only a half truth and the lesser half. It gets nowhere at the sources of war—the collision of expanding nationalisms, the vendetta of the hungry and the sated nations in a world of unequal imperialisms, the desperate need when the masses do not have bread of giving them war as circuses, the deepening clash between fascist and democratic nations. These things don't get ironed out at a conference table, no matter how impressive are the eminences gathered at it.

No, Mr. President, this plan of yours is a pipe dream. And a dangerous one. For it can only raise hopes that cannot be fulfilled. The armies are massing in Europe. Such a plan may draw off the peace energies of the democratic peoples from the channels where they may be most effective. By dramatizing a vast talk-feast it will blind the eyes of our own people to the positive efforts America must make for peace *on concrete issues*. We do not need new peace machinery. We need to throw the American energies and the vast American resources into the old. We missed our chance with Ethiopia: other chances will not be slow in coming.

A Program for Conservatives

DURING the past week the country has heard two organizations which typify American conservatism express themselves on the immediate problems of the times. These are the American Bar Association, which has just held its annual convention in Boston, and the United States Chamber of Commerce, which has issued a statement of principles indorsed by its nation-wide membership. What they said did not represent a social philosophy or even a well-considered program. It was rather a series of unthinking pronouncements generated by fear and designed only for the moment.

Of the elders of the Bar Association one is tempted to say, Whatever it is, they're against it. They were against ratification of the child-labor amendment, against investigating the abuses of civil liberty in strikes, the activities of the Black Legion, or the conduct of the prosecution in the Mooney case, against a constitutional amendment to give Congress wider powers to legislate for the national welfare, against the WPA, against the Social Security Act, against the Public Utility Holding Company Act, and against a curb on the Supreme Court's right of judicial review of acts of Congress.

Echoing the bar on most of its dislikes, the Chamber of Commerce added some new ones of its own. It was also against a curb on the court or a constitutional amendment, against interference with individual enterprise, against the federal government making grants-in-aid to states for public works, doing anything about relief, using the tax power to legislate for the general welfare, participating in the business of power generation, doing anything about crop control, providing for social security, or arbitrating between capital and labor. In that delicate phrase of the Steel Institute and the Republican platform, that employees should be free from coercion "from any source," it declared itself opposed to collective bargaining.

Here is the doctrine of the conservatives on those issues that rack the body politic today. In its essence it is motivated by the determination to fight free of any restriction which would limit the pursuit of individual gain, regardless of whether that gain is made at the expense of the general welfare. From this follows the conviction that the hand of government laid on private enterprise, no matter how lightly, is bad. The Constitution, "the traditional guaranties of human rights," "the preservation of the old institutions" are the banner round which the conservatives rally their defense of this doctrine. Judge Ransom, in his opening speech to the Bar Association, expressed perfectly the conservative attitude when he said that we cannot allow government "to make a hodge-podge of human rights in order to serve supposed social ends." There would seem to be some confusion here, for "human rights" and "social ends" are hardly incompatible. But Judge Ransom did not mean human rights; he meant property rights. What the conservatives dare not face is

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the fact that, under the pressure of modern circumstance, they can no longer retain these rights intact. Clinging to the past, they lay waste their powers trying to beat off the new demands arising on every side.

Generally it is radicalism that is thought of as running wild. But today, as the statements of the Bar Association and the Chamber of Commerce show, conservatism is running wild—backward. Yet conservatism, if it would preserve what is good in American life, dare not be reactionary, dare not be negative. Two weeks ago we published a program for progressives. Now we suggest a program for conservatives—not for conservatism in the role in which it sees itself today, but for a conservatism that is honest, intelligent, and awake. First, it must discard its desperate fear of change, a fear so blind it cannot discriminate between good changes and bad but hates change for its own sake. Secondly, it must realize that hanging on to the status quo is not only unintelligent but unavailing; that there are certain changes which are inevitable; that these should be met, recognized, and adopted now and not opposed to the last ditch, until they are brought about by force. Lastly, instead of instinctively crying "Stop!" every time something new is tried, conservatives should begin to act rationally and make intelligent concessions where necessary. They might take a cue from British conservatism, which by a relatively enlightened policy in domestic affairs has kept well up with the times. If American conservatism followed suit, it would be helping to preserve instead of by its present actions helping to overthrow that which conservatives and progressives alike want to maintain—the democratic system.

Cuban Amnesty

THE political amnesty recently proclaimed in Cuba by President Mariano Gomez is being hailed in conservative circles as proof that that troubled island is returning to orderly constitutionalism. Actually the amnesty is as much of a farce as the Hitler amnesty which merely released Nazi criminals. Out of the 4,000 political prisoners in Cuban jails, only 80, and these the least important, are affected by the decree. The terms of the amnesty, for example, specifically exempt "terrorists," and it happens that "terrorist" is an all-embracing word used to refer to all enemies of the Batista dictatorship, particularly those who have been convicted by the "special" courts, from which there is no appeal. A suggestion of the power behind the throne in Cuba is found in a second exception, which excludes all prisoners convicted of speaking disrespectfully of a "foreign diplomat."

It is true that ex-President Grau San Martín—whom Welles and Caffery succeeded in ousting at the end of 1933—and several of his associates in exile have been "pardoned." But as an indication of the sincerity of the gesture, several of Grau's followers were jailed by Batista's military police on the very day the pardons were issued. Acts of terrorism are perhaps not as frequent as they were a year ago, but they have by no means ceased. A few months ago one of Grau's most intimate friends, Octavio Seigle, who was in Cuba collecting documents and newspaper clippings for the American press, was seized because of a suspicion that he was learning too much of terrorist activities. He was taken, screaming at the top of his voice, through the streets of Havana, tortured, and beaten, and later was found dead on a country road, his body burned beyond recognition. A month or so later the head of the Havana fingerprint bureau found fingerprints which definitely linked the crime to the aides of Pedraza, Batista's chief of police. When this evidence was disclosed, the fingerprint expert was forced to flee for his life.

Unfortunately, the truth about conditions in Cuba is very little known in this country, and it is not improbable that the amnesty may lead many Americans to believe that the Batista dictatorship is a thing of the past. This, of course, is the primary objective of the decree. For years the State Department, under the influence of Welles and Caffery, has been seeking to establish a "safe and sane" constitutional regime in Havana. The wave of assassinations and terrorism which followed the overthrow of Grau has doubtless proved extremely embarrassing to the men who argued that his overthrow was necessary in order to maintain law and order. It was hoped that after the "election" of Gomez, something might be done to reestablish respectability by checking army terrorism. Gomez was selected to carry out this task.

The new President promised to curb extra-legal abuses. But this is as far as he dared go. Though he may have been perfectly sincere in making the promise, at least to the point of desiring to cooperate with Caffery and, incidentally, strengthening his own position, the fact remains that he cannot act without Batista, and Batista cannot maintain power without terror. Signs of a definite estrangement between the President and Batista have already appeared. Attempts by Gomez to create a popular sentiment in favor of the civil as against the military government have been deeply resented by Batista's followers, who are threatening to bring impeachment proceedings.

If Gomez were to carry on an effective struggle against Batista, he would have to build up a rival political machine. This would necessitate patronage, and Batista has already seen to it that all available government posts are filled with army men. Even the grammar schools have been brought within the army spoils system. Under Mendieta, Cabinet ministers were so terrorized that they rarely dared appoint their own subordinates. Gomez's sole strength would appear to lie in Caffery's desire for a constitutional front for Cuban militarism. In a crisis, however, this factor is likely to prove unimportant, for Caffery is known to have the highest admiration for Batista.

Thus the aces are all in Batista's hand. Gomez can make a gesture of restoring civil authority, but the bluff is certain to be called. Warning bullets have already spattered around the new President's doorstep. If they choose, Batista's henchmen could undoubtedly force through impeachment proceedings. Being a good politician, Gomez is not likely to try the dictator's wrath. Cuba will remain safe for American capital, but unsafe for any Cuban who desires the most elementary of political or civil rights.

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Who's Winning in Spain?

MORE than six weeks have passed since the outbreak of the fascist rebellion in Spain. During this period hundreds of columns have appeared in our newspapers reporting "decisive battles," "important advances," and the imminent capture of dozens of cities. Papers have differed in their reporting, but the impression of the average newspaper reader appears to be that the rebels are winning and that it is only a matter of time until the whole of Spain will fall into fascist hands.

To a certain extent this impression has been deliberately fostered by such reactionary papers as the Hearst chain and the New York *Herald Tribune*. Both Hearst and the *Tribune* have featured reports from special correspondents who have been only in rebel territory. As a result these papers have created the impression (1) that the rebels are fighting for civilization against a Communist government in Madrid, (2) that the "reds" have been guilty of appalling atrocities, and (3) that Madrid has been about to fall on any number of occasions. But irrespective of these deliberate falsifications, it is extremely difficult for the average man to follow the varying fortunes of the contestants. The ordinary American is bewildered by the claims and counterclaims of the two sides and handicapped by a lack of knowledge of Spanish geography.

Taking all factors into consideration, the changes in the military situation during the past six weeks have been surprisingly slight. The rebels have won but one important victory—the capture of Badajoz and Merida. This victory has not only permitted the establishment of communications between Generals Franco and Mola but enabled Franco to threaten Toledo and Madrid from the southwest. Recently, however, the Merida-Caceres railway is reported to have been cut again, thus offsetting one of the important gains. Moreover, the insurgents advancing from Badajoz have apparently been checked outside of Talavera and are yet far from Toledo, with its munition factories, and farther from Madrid itself. In the Guadarrama Mountains, forty miles to the northeast of Madrid, the deadlock appears unbroken. The rebels claim to have made a slight gain recently at Cerro Nevero, where they threaten to cut off part of Madrid's water supply, but the government has apparently made some progress in an encircling movement which, if successful, would obviate the need for storming the rebel intrenchments.

The two most important government victories have been won at Irun and Cordoba. Possession of the Irun and San Sebastian area has been particularly useful to the government because it has blocked communication between France and the main rebel headquarters at Burgos, as well as denied the insurgents access to the sea. Here a handful of trade unionists and government supporters, cut off from any possible assistance from Barcelona or Madrid, have held their own for nearly three weeks against a strong rebel attack. While it is inconceivable that they can hold out indefinitely, their stubborn defense has proved a constant thorn in the rebels' side. In the south the loyalist forces have worked up to within striking distance of the important city of Cordoba. Capture of this city would give the government control of the railway line to Malaga and Gibraltar and probably force the rebels to evacuate Granada, their last stronghold in southeastern Spain. A Catalonian expeditionary force has captured three of the Balearic Islands—Menorca, Ibiza, and Formentera—but appears to have been checked in its drive on the most important—Mallorca. The Catalonian troops attacking Saragossa are within ten miles of the city, but have made little or no progress in the past three weeks.

In immediate military strength the rebels may possibly have a slight advantage. Although the government has many more men under arms than the insurgents could possibly obtain, the fascists are undoubtedly better equipped and more highly disciplined. As an example of confusion on the government side, it is known that some of the Anarchist troops from Barcelona have insisted on fighting without officers. While this is not general, the organization of the loyalist forces is known to be poor. On the other hand, possession of Madrid and Barcelona means that the government has infinitely better resources for manufacturing munitions and other war supplies. It also has a great advantage in that it has been able to open and keep open railway communication between the outside world and Barcelona, Murcia, Valencia, and Madrid. The rebels' means of transportation are comparatively inferior. Their only north-south rail connection is said to be broken, and they have virtually no outlet to the outside world except by Cadiz. The entire Mediterranean coast from Portbou to Malaga is in government hands, as is the Atlantic coast from Irun to Gijon. The navy has remained loyal. Train service to Portugal is suspended. This means that the rebels have relatively little chance of obtaining a substantial amount of assistance from abroad, despite Mussolini and Hitler. When one considers the added factor of morale and popular support, it is evident that the government has a tremendous advantage, only providing it is able to hang on until the rebels' munitions begin to run short. It is conceivable that the struggle, like the American Civil War, may last for years. But there is no reason to despair—for the cause of Spanish democracy.

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WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Will Maine Go Democratic?

Washington, August 31

YOUR daily papers from now until September 15 are going to be spotted with "as Maine goes, so goes the nation" stories, but on and after the fifteenth they are likely to be filled with statements, letters, and editorials belittling that forty-eight-year-old political chant. For there is good reason to believe that on the night of September 14, when the ballots Maine voters have cast that day for state and Congressional candidates are counted, the results will bode ill for Republican fortunes throughout the nation in November, and the predominantly Republican or anti-New Deal press of the country will do its best to soften the blow.

It will be spurred on in that endeavor by its knowledge that if the impression gets abroad that the Maine returns presage another Roosevelt landslide, the G. O. P.'s army of ward-heelers will be completely demoralized, and the fat cats will start making deposits on family-entrance passes to the White House for the 1936-40 season by canceling their earlier commitments to the Republican machine and plunking the dough, instead, into Farley's war chest. Furthermore, the pro-Landon press will be aided in glossing over the results by the complexity of the political situation in the Pine Tree State. That complexity arises from two factors. One is that victory for the Democratic candidates in Maine—a thing that even Republican leaders privately concede is far from impossible—will be a victory in name only for the New Deal, for the Democratic standard bearer, Governor Louis J. Brann, seeking election to the Senate, is an anti-New Dealer. The other is that the blow to Landon's chances nationally may be hidden in returns accurately reporting victory for the Republican candidates in Maine.

Properly to interpret the returns from the standpoint of their traditional significance, however, the wary reader need bear in mind only the figure "25,000" and know a little something of the tradition's origin. First, he must know that the tradition has been carefully and deliberately nurtured. It has been fostered nationally by the G. O. P. because Maine has always been one of the most reliably Republican states and has been helpful in corraling the band-wagon vote throughout the nation for Republican Presidential candidates ever since 1888, when the tradition was born in the slogan: "Maine went hell-bent for Governor Kent and Tippecanoe and Tyler, too." The tradition has been cultivated locally by both Republican and Democratic politicos because it makes both groups proprietors of one of the juiciest political rackets in the country, a racket that results in the national committees of both major parties pouring funds into Maine in September and paying the bills of the local candidates solely for the sake of the psychological effect of the September returns on the national election two months later. National-committee outlays by the major parties are expected to top $1 a vote per side this year in the state whose total major-party vote in 1932 was 295,538. In fact, it is this racketeering aspect of the situation that quadrennially has endowed Maine with political spoils out of all proportion to its five electoral votes and kept it unique among the states in holding its Congressional elections in advance of the Presidential election. There were many states that followed the same system until 1846, when Congress passed an act requiring that Congressional elections be held simultaneously in November in all states save those whose constitutions prescribed otherwise. There were only three states that had such constitutional provisions—Oregon, Arkansas, and Maine—and the first two quickly brought their constitutions into line by amendment.

Where the figure "25,000" comes into the picture is in the easily demonstrable fact that a simple Republican victory in Maine in September is an insufficient augury of a national victory for the G. O. P. two months later. The record shows that in every campaign since 1892—with one exception—when the Republican margin of victory in Maine in September has failed to exceed 25,000, the Democrats have captured the White House in November. The exception came in 1908 when the G. O. P. September lead in Maine was only 7,000 but Taft carried the nation two months later. In 1892 the Republicans' September edge in Maine was only 12,000 and Cleveland was elected President. In 1912 the Republican margin dropped to 3,000 and Wilson won the Presidency. He was reelected in 1916, although the Republican margin of victory in the September elections in Maine had climbed to 14,000. In 1928 the Republicans carried the state by 83,000 votes in September and the Hoover landslide followed. Four years later, Brann, running for Governor, put Maine in the Democratic column by a margin of 3,000 votes in September and the Roosevelt landslide followed in November, although Maine had by that time swung back into the Republican column to become one of the six states Hoover carried. His margin of victory in Maine was 37,724.

The "25,000" figure takes on special significance in the present situation owing to the unwillingness of Republican leaders in Maine to predict—privately—that the G. O. P. standard bearers will carry the state by more than 20,000 votes at best, and it is only the more sanguine among them who are willing to go that far along the road of prophecy. The most realistic among them incline to the belief that their candidates will be doing well if they manage to pile up as much as a 5,000-vote edge over the opposition, and they are counting almost entirely on public revulsion

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against the New Deal to produce that result. Their candidates admittedly are weak compared with those the Democrats have put up. Farley has outsmarted the Republican high command in prevailing upon Brann to run for the Senate, despite his anti-New Deal bent.

Brann, frequently described as Maine's Jimmy Walker, was elected Governor in 1932 by 3,000 votes and reelected in 1934 by 24,000. He has been anything but sympathetic with the New Deal's avowed purposes or actual attainments. His most notable betrayal of the New Deal has been his double-crossing of the Administration on the Passamaquoddy tidal-power project. After promising to call upon the Maine legislature to set up a state authority to take title to the project and thus bulwark it against the power trust's court attacks, Brann backed down on his promise; by that time the project had been started on the strength of his pledge. Despite Brann's many and obvious infidelities to the Roosevelt Administration, Farley literally begged Brann to enter the Senate race solely because Brann is the best vote-getter the Democrats have in Maine, an attribute he owes to his talent for making alliances among the bankers and power boys who control the state.

In his campaign Brann is stressing local issues and keeping the New Deal as far out of the picture as possible. His Republican opponent, Senator White, on the other hand, is trying his damnedest to make Roosevelt the issue. He is more than a little hampered in his task by the Republican National Committee's insistence on holding up the Quoddy project as a prime example of the Roosevelt Administration's outrageous extravagance. Both White and his Republican colleague, Senator Hale, were and are staunch proponents of the project, which is so popular in at least certain sections of Maine that it has produced a 5,000-vote turnover in Washington County, converting the Republican registration margin there of 4,000 votes into a Democratic edge of 1,000. White's reputation as a Quoddy champion is further threatened in the present instance by the fact that stupid parliamentary tactics by the Republican Senators at the last session of Congress caused the Senate to turn thumbs down on the project. They had insisted on separating the Quoddy project from the Florida ship-canal project and voting on them individually; the canal won and the Maine project lost. White's other deficiencies include a sluggish mind, a weak-sister voice, and a reputation of being, next to Copeland, the shipping lobby's chief representative in Congress.

Good as the Democratic chances seem in the Senatorial race, they appear even better in the governorship fight, and there a Democratic victory would be more of a triumph for the New Deal than is possible in the Senatorial fight, for the Democratic nominee for Governor, F. Harold Dubord, is stressing something as least describable as New Deal issues. He is making social security the basis of his campaign, emphasizing old-age pensions and unemployment insurance. Dubord had expected to run for the Senate until Farley pushed Brann up to that starting line. Hale had beaten him for the Senate in 1934 by only 1,200 votes. Even his Republican foes admit his superiority as a campaigner over their gubernatorial nominee, Lewis O. Barrows. Dubord, who although a Democrat has been five times elected mayor of the Republican town of Waterville, is a French Canadian, and in Maine the French Canadians cast 100,000 votes. His Republican opponent, a Newport druggist, shares Dubord's talents as a backslapper but fails dismally to equal him as a speaker. Barrows, at present Secretary of State, is reported to have been an active member of the Ku Klux Klan in its heyday; published dispatches from Maine report that the Democrats have a picture of him in full Klan regalia which they plan to use against him if he or his supporters raise the issue of Dubord's Catholicism. If the issue is raised, it is more likely to come from the third camp involved in the governorship fight. That is the camp of the Reverend Benjamin C. Bubar, a Baptist fundamentalist seeking the governorship as a Townsendite. Bubar is expected to take what few votes he gets away from Druggist Barrows rather than from Lawyer Dubord.

To retain their 1932 and 1934 strength in Maine, the Democrats must keep not only the governorship but also two of Maine's three seats in the House of Representatives. Their chances of accomplishing the latter are admittedly good. In fact, the only Republican candidate conceded reelection on all sides is Representative Ralph O. Brewster. It appears that the news of Brewster's disgraceful performance in connection with the holding-company bill has not been permitted to seep through the consciousness of the electorate in Maine's Third Congressional District. It was an intricate story at best and the stalwart Republican press of Maine showed no appetite for it; its Washington correspondents found their accounts of the affair tossed into the wastebaskets by their editors.

The most stalwart New Dealer among all the Democratic candidates in Maine is Representative Hamlin. Because he is seeking reelection as a Roosevelt supporter the outcome of his contest in the First Congressional District of Maine will be watched as closely as the Senatorial and gubernatorial returns. His Republican opponent, James C. Oliver, is running as a Townsendite, a fact that is expected to switch conservative Republican votes to Hamlin and give him the edge in the race. There has been a break in the Democratic forces in the Second District of Maine following the refusal of Representative Moran, a Democrat, to seek reelection. Moran had a highly creditable record in Congress, especially on shipping legislation. There are two stories about why he is not seeking reelection. One is that he quit in a huff because Farley sided with Brann and against him. The other is that he gagged at seeing the New Deal choose such a critter as Brann to be its standard bearer in Maine. In Moran's place the Democrats have nominated an unknown, Ernest MacLean, who is involved in a four-cornered race. The Republicans have put up Clyde L. Smith of Skowhegan; Raymond Rogers, who lost out to Smith in the G. O. P. primary, has put himself up as a Coughlinite, or Union Party, candidate; and J. C. Leckemby, whom Smith also beat in the Republican primary, is running as an independent with Townsendite backing. The Democrats are counting on Leckemby and Rogers taking enough Republican votes away from Smith to let MacLean squeeze through and keep the Second District's seat in the House on the Democratic side of the aisle.

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Where Inflation Threatens

BY ALVIN JOHNSON

EVERY possessor of fixed income fears inflation. Every person whose income is relatively inflexible has reason to fear inflation. Such persons include the entire salaried and wage-earning class, because it is a notorious fact that wages, and especially small salaries, lag far behind a general price rise. Every investor in a capital enterprise whose rates are controlled by law, or in an enterprise producing goods whose price has become customary, will be damaged by inflation. Certainly there are enough of these people who would be anti-inflationists, if they knew their interest, to turn the coming Presidential election. But which way would they turn it, if they knew their interest?

What is baffling about the present menace of inflation is that it will come, if it comes at all, disguised as superprosperity. It will not come through any overt act of government. Roosevelt has proved himself adamant against the issue of pure fiat money. That is the grievance of Lemke and Father Coughlin. Landon can be counted on to be equally adamant in this relation, however yielding his tissues otherwise. The inflation that threatens us is a credit inflation, and it will make its presence known only through an appearance that to all producers seems fair and lovely—rising prices.

Prices are already rising, at a modest rate. Business is expanding in expectation of good profits. There are such enormous arrears to be met in construction and equipment that something like a business boom is inevitable, whoever may be elected President. In dwellings alone we are short accommodations for ten million families, now living doubled up or camping in quarters they would never tolerate if satisfactorily employed. This amounts to a suspended demand for five billion dollars' worth of labor and material. At least ten billions would be required to make good the wear and tear and obsolescence of our industrial and transportation plant. The more wideawake business men are aware of this situation and are expanding operations judiciously. Soon the sleepy-headed majority will awaken to the fact that money is again to be made. They will work their existing plant overtime, they will borrow from the banks to carry their increasing bills for material and goods in process, they will raise loans for reequipment and extensions. The banks will joyously report week by week an expanding volume of loans and rising interest rates. Once again they will begin to prosper. Excess reserves will drop from their present volume of $1,900,000,000, hundred million by hundred million, and the volume of deposits—our real currency—will increase correspondingly, but in the ratio of something like eight to one. The depositors will be buying more and more excitedly; the prices of commodities will soar. Producers will be happy, until they remember that they are also consumers. But there is a great lag here. And anyway, the producer will rejoice over his own high prices, while raging against the other fellow's.

That is how inflation will come to the United States, if it comes. Not otherwise. Under whom is it more likely to come, Roosevelt or Landon?

The federal government is formally in a position to curb inflation. Through the Federal Reserve Board it can change the prescribed ratio of reserves to deposits—a New Deal measure. It has already raised the requirement, thus cutting the volume of excess reserves, upon which inflation is predicated. This action can have no immediate effect, since under the new calculation the banks are still packed with excess reserves. It was not intended to have any immediate effect. No one would wish to check the present moderate rise in prices. The raising of the reserve requirement does have a bearing on the possibility of runaway prices in the future, and the precedent is important. The government can prescribe still higher reserves, if necessary, and if the government is resolute enough to withstand the demands of business, which, when prices really start upward, will clamor deafeningly for easier credit and relaxed reserve requirements. Who will be the more likely to withstand this clamor, Roosevelt, whom the business men would like to destroy, or Landon, their hand-picked pet?

The forces making for inflation are indeed too powerful to be controlled by a single measure. Add to control of bank reserves a resolute policy of taxation, and any ordinary boom can be kept within limits. Taxation is essentially deflationary. It takes away resources that would have gone immediately into the market for commodities or capital values and returns these resources to the market only slowly, in salary payments and retirement of debt, or accumulates them in the Treasury, thus not returning them to the market at all.

Who is the more likely to follow a resolute policy of taxation, Roosevelt or Landon?

Every good citizen admits, in a general way, that as soon as we really begin to prosper we should set to work to cut our burden of debt. We can do this only by economy in expenditures and by securing increased tax revenues. As for economy in expenditures, apart from getting rid of the relief load, we need not expect very substantial results. We cannot cut interest on the public debt or war pensions. The latter are fairly certain to increase. We should, but will not, cut army and navy expenditures. We could get rid of some of our bureau personnel, but we should find small pickings here. If we really want to pay off our debt we will wisely center our efforts on taxation.

With returning prosperity every source of tax revenue

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will yield more abundantly. Under our present taxation set-up we shall probably be covering all current expenditures within two years, and a surplus for debt payment will emerge. Can anyone doubt that an army of taxpayers will besiege Washington with a demand for a reduction in tax rates? They will argue that a remission of taxes will stimulate prosperity and thus increase taxpaying capacity; that the yield from lower rates will exceed the yield from the higher rates. So indeed it might. We tried this out in the post-war period and found that the lower rates were very productive—under a mushrooming boom. But it is just that kind of boom we fear when we fear inflation.

Who will yield most promptly to the clamor of the taxpayers for lower rates, Roosevelt or Landon? The question answers itself.

Most of the people who are panicky over inflation are in the Landon camp. It is a kind of hypnosis not uncommon in social history. The Russian conservatives fought Kerensky until they got Lenin. The French fought the pacific German republic until they got Hitler. American conservatives fight against the homeopathic readjustment of our political and economic system to contemporary social forces that is represented by the New Deal. Eventually they are likely to get something else if they have their way. They are now fighting for sound Republican finance. If they have their way they will get inflation.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Buffalo, New York, August 27

STOPPING only to wave his right arm in the Rotarian, rather stagy gesture with which he greets every audience, to acknowledge the far from overpowering greeting the audience gave him, Governor Landon stepped into the pulpit at the Buffalo Ball Park last evening and got right down to work. There were no impromptu words of greeting, no gracious or kindly references to the people who had turned out to hear him, or to their city, or the occasion. Mr. Landon plunged into his set speech like a schoolboy bent on getting through his stint as soon as possible. It is said that he has been receiving elocution lessons; if so, the inoculation has not taken. Most of the time his head was down in his manuscript; even with the loud speaker some of those in front missed some of his words.

Oratorical effects there were none, except when Mr. Landon twice raised his fist and shook it to emphasize his bitter denunciation of "the most cockeyed piece of tax legislation ever imposed in a modern country," namely, the surplus-tax law. The audience responded readily with almost the only real cheer of the entire half-hour; when applause came at other times, it was faint and limited to a part of the crowd. Once there was an undercurrent of laughter, but there was no humor, no lightness, no charm whatsoever in the address. It was earnest and sincere, and it is evident that as the campaign goes on and Mr. Landon more and more considers the iniquities of the Roosevelt Administration, he is getting hotter and hotter about it. Only when he referred to the Administration did he communicate any emotion to the audience, which listened as it might have to the address of a second-rate Kansas clergyman—that was what he suggested to me throughout the talk. The applause lasted precisely twenty seconds, and then, waving his Chautauqua arm, he was gone from the stand, and the audience followed suit as rapidly as possible. No baseball crowd ever melted away faster.

Somehow I cannot recall a tamer speech or tamer setting for a Presidential candidate. Some Republicans may really believe that this country is in a dire crisis, that our republican institutions are in jeopardy and are rapidly being remodeled after some hateful foreign bolshevist or fascist model. But there was no evidence of this at this meeting or at the dinner of 3,000 persons in the magnificent Field Artillery Armory which preceded the march to the ball field. In the armory Mr. Landon's reception was no more than what would have been given to Governor Lehman or any well-known guest of honor, and he fell over himself pitifully in his effort to say a few words without referring to politics, politics being forbidden by reason of the fact that the dinner was being served in a state military building. Never was there anything more hopeless than his effort to be genial. He clasped his two hands over his head to indicate that he was metaphorically shaking hands with everybody present, and again and again he said how grateful he was for the reception given him and how fine the Republican organization of Erie County is. And nothing else.

Indeed, the three speeches which Mr. Landon has made on this trip to the East have developed very clearly the strategy and tactics of his campaign. He is going to be one of our real village folks to the end, the home-town boy who made good. He is going to contrast himself with utmost deliberation to the President. There will be no charm stops pulled out, no oratorical flourishes, no pictures of the America that he hopes to bring to pass. It is just going to be quiet, restrained, business-like talking, in the hope that he will float into office on the wave of dislike and resentment of the other fellow. Just as Roosevelt was voted in by those who hated Hoover and thought him as inept as he was, so the Republicans are chiefly concerned to avoid any breaks, to make it clear to the business world that Alf is safe, sound, and above all else faithful to the business world, and that they can pour their money into the campaign funds without the slightest fear that the candidate will turn out to be afflicted by "isms," or fantastic ideas about labor or a fair sharing of the profits of

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industry or any such stuff and nonsense as more social justice. They will admit, as the campaign progresses, that Landon is nothing on the stump, no great shakes anyway, just a man like Cal Coolidge, who will let business recover and prosper during the next four years—if he is elected.

It is a fact that the Governor is not drawing well on the stump. Local newspapermen agree that Buffalo gave him just the regulation party turnout. The crowd at Chautauqua was less than that which came to hear President Roosevelt. His rear-platform audiences have been disappointingly small, just as his rear-platform speeches have been hopelessly poor. He is small, and seems insignificant from the back of the crowd; for these occasions he has not a single attribute of the vote-getter and impresses nobody. It is not until you come into closer contact with him that you begin to sense his personality. He is likable and attractive, modest, simple, unassuming, with no desire to be other than he is. I am impressed by the fact that the New York correspondents who have been living with him since the nomination have a growing respect and liking for him. They think he is a fine chap, and some of them believe, like others who meet him, that he is a much better chap than he makes himself out to be. This was the reaction of members of the peace delegation that called upon him here. They admired his kindness and pleasant serenity when they were injected for ten minutes into a day horribly overburdened by incessant appointments with one politician after another. They came away with the belief that there is a good deal of sincerity in this man, sincerity not yet spoiled by too much high-office holding. Yet the fact remains that he is not appealing to the imagination or to the enthusiasm of the crowds. The American people may have suffered during the last seven years, but this suffering does not seem yet to have rendered them acutely politically minded.

As for the Governor's speeches, they are deliberately phrased with the greatest simplicity. This is partly because they reflect his own mind—they are all written by him down to the last word—and partly because the high command feels that this is the proper policy in the effort to win the workers and the plain people away from the radio charmer. With the exception of the Chautauqua speech, the Governor's utterances are certainly worthy of a kindergarten. That at Chautauqua was by all odds his best utterance, for he made it with his eyes open to the fact that he was taking a position that would render him unpopular not only with Hearst but with some of the leading Republican politicians of this state, who are all for teachers taking a special oath to uphold and defend the Constitution. For this bit of courage and independence the Governor deserves all credit, and there are those who have been with him from the beginning who feel that this is much more characteristic of the man than most of the things he is saying on the stump; that if he is elected he will listen but in the last resort go his own way whether he pleases the politicians or not. The only trouble about this is that his vision is so completely that of the self-satisfied, prosperous, Middle Western citizen. He *is* exactly what the bankers and big business men want, even if he has flashes of independence. They are perfectly willing that he should be outspoken about freedom of speech and freedom for our schools and against teachers' oaths and other restrictions on education as long as he takes their view as to the necessity of a business moratorium from reform and regulation.

As for the simplicity of those speeches we have been listening to, I really think they ought to go a little bit farther in the direction of simplicity. I think, to be absolutely perfect and make the widest possible appeal, they should be printed in the style of the First Reader—then they would certainly reach the child mind. Here, for example, is the way I would print the rear-end platform speech the Governor made at Omaha:

> AS A-MER-I-CAN CIT-I-ZENS, WE ARE RE-SPON-SI-BLE FOR THE KIND OF GOV-ERN-MENT WE HAVE IN OUR COM-MUN-I-TY, OUR STATE, AND AT WASH-ING-TON. WE CAN-NOT ES-CAPE BE-ING GOV-ERNED. WE HAVE THE CHO-ICE OF GOV-ERN-ING OUR-SELVES OR OF BE-ING GOV-ERNED. UN-DER THE AD-MIN-IS-TRA-TIVE SYS-TEM, THE PEO-PLE ARE THE GOV-ERN-MENT WHEN THEY TAKE A LIVE-LY IN-TER-EST IN THE SE-LEC-TION OF THOSE WHO REP-RE-SENT THEM IN THE STATE AND IN THE NA-TION. WE CAN BE CER-TAIN THAT WE SHALL BE WELL GOV-ERNED WHEN THE PEO-PLE TAKE SUCH AN IN-TER-EST. IF WE DO NOT BE-LIEVE THIS TO BE TRUE, THEN WE A-BAN-DON OUR FAITH IN A-MER-I-CAN IN-STI-TU-TIONS.

If we apply this style of printing to the four points of Governor Landon's financial address of last night, it becomes very easy because so many of his words are of one syllable. Here they are:

> THE GOV-ERN-MENT MUST GUARD AND PRE-SERVE ITS SOURCE OF IN-COME.
>
> THE GOV-ERN-MENT MUST MAKE SURE THAT IT GETS A DOL-LAR'S WORTH FOR EV-ERY DOL-LAR IT SPENDS.
>
> THE GOV-ERN-MENT MUST NOT GET IN THE HAB-IT OF SPEND-ING MORE THAN IT RE-CEIVES.
>
> FIN-AL-LY THE GOV-ERN-MENT MUST PRE-PARE FOR THE RAIN-Y DAY.

I think my most captious reader must admit that this is reducing public finance to the simplest possible terms, which even he who runs may read. I honestly believe that the Governor has taken the primary-school vote away from F. D. R. and has it safely in the bag.

Whether he will convert anybody else is very much open to question. The theory is plainly that everybody in America has already made up his mind how he is going to vote, that is, against whom he is going to cast his ballot, and that the only thing now to do is to offend nobody and go through the motions. This is not the time for a Theodore Roosevelt to stir an audience to its depth by pounding the reading-desk and waving the Big Stick. This is not the time for the eloquence of a William Jennings Bryan or the magnetism of a James G. Blaine. We are out to save the Republic, my friends, so let us say nothing, think nothing, and plan nothing while we are about it!

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Armies over Europe

BY FRANK C. HANIGHEN

NO one denies that a world conflict is impending —least of all the statesmen involved. On August 24 Hitler lengthened the German military service a year. Naturally this caused Russia to look again to its defenses. On August 30 Mussolini boasted that Italy could mobilize 8,000,000 men in a few hours. Poland speeded up its military mission to France. And there are reports from Vienna that Hitler, as the next move in his sequence of surprises, will incorporate the Storm Troops into the regular army, thus making certain that Germany will have the largest army in the world. There will soon be marching men all over the face of Europe. What is the military strength of each of the great powers?

Hitler's move represents a stage in the conflict between two military theories which have influenced not only the German staff but all the staffs in Europe. These two theories are:

1. The best army is a comparatively small standing army composed of highly trained infantry, mechanized and motorized units, and air force, capable of striking a sudden blow on short notice.

2. A large conscript army is the best method of coping with the great losses of modern war and of overcoming neighboring countries with smaller man power.

Hitler's decree extending the military service to two years, thus keeping the past year's trained conscripts instead of placing them in reserve, recognizes the first theory, in so far as it holds under arms a body of highly trained men. At the same time it upholds the essence of the second by continuing the policy of large-scale conscription.

Germany has advanced far along the road to mechanization and motorization. (Motorization covers only the carrying of military personnel in trucks and kindred vehicles, while mechanization utilizes the motor-driven vehicle as a weapon in itself—tanks, armored cars, etc.) Germany possesses three tank divisions numbering some 1,000 tanks and one motorized division with anti-tank equipment. In furtherance of the motorization policy, the government has accelerated the building of large numbers of trucks and passenger cars. Also, work has been pushed on the construction of a 7,200-kilometer network of motor highways. These roads, routed around cities, paralleling frontiers, designed on the multiple-lane system, with cloverleaf crossings, obviously will speed up movement of armed forces for the execution of the much-discussed "quick thrust" which has so obsessed military tacticians.

Suck an attack would necessarily lean heavily on aviation. Great secrecy surrounds the German air force, but sparing bits of intelligence suggest that it is the most formidable in Europe. Hitler in March, 1935, told Sir John Simon that the air force possessed 800 to 850 first-line planes. "First-line" planes are those which go into action immediately on outbreak of war. Behind this line stands a vast and undetermined number of reserve planes. Finally, the third line of the air force occupies perhaps the most important place. A French Air Minister said, "One never makes war with the planes one has; one makes war with the planes one manufactures." The development and expansion of airplane plant in Germany has been one of the marked features of its rearmament. In case of war, the Germans expect that this highly organized industry will turn out abundant replacements of the most up-to-date type for the inevitable losses among planes.

Such preparations for sudden attack by highly trained forces run along the lines advocated by General von Seeckt, who remains more or less the *éminence grise* of the German army. His theories of the quick blow and the small army of experts, however, have only partially shaped German military policy. While the Reichswehr (Von Seeckt's model of what the army ought to be) has entered the mass conscript army as its energizer and trained nucleus (professionals in the army are estimated at 260,000), regular conscription carries on the tradition of the last war. Latest figures summarize German effectives available for immediate action on the day of war: land army of from 630,000 to 650,000 men; air force of from 80,000 to 100,000; a "replacement" army under eight weeks' training, about 50,000; the labor-service army of between 200,000 and 250,000 men in which the class next up for military duty serves six months; from 30,000 to 35,000 men in the navy—a total of more than 1,000,000 men in conscript formations. The addition to this of a new class of 200,000 conscripts entering training in October will make the German army the largest in Europe. It is estimated that Germany has at present to back this up about 1,000,000 reserves composed of recent conscripts placed in reserve, militarized police, the S. S. corps, old Reichswehr members, and various semi-military organizations.

Since all these forces have been subjected to continuous propaganda from Nazi organizations, it may be assumed that the morale at the outbreak of war will be excellent. The idea that Germany was not defeated "in the field" in the last war but by a treacherous monarchy and subversive elements has been so thoroughly drilled into German minds that the army should march into battle with as good if not better esprit de corps than in 1914. Only when great masses of conscripts, presumably including numerous former Communists and Socialists, are thrown in as replacements in a long struggle will a possibility of weaker morale appear.

Italy, the next largest of the European fascist states, can claim to be the originator of the *attaque brusquée*. General Giulio Douhet first worked out the theory that a strong

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air force, striking quickly, could overcome the strong defensive power of modern warfare, and thus win a quick decision. This idea has profoundly influenced all of the European staffs as well as the Italian. Consequently Italy has an air force, organized independently of the army and navy (not as an auxiliary to them as in the last war), which was menacing enough to cause the British some apprehension in the past year. Last official figures (1935) give the Italians 1,861 planes in first line and reserve. Present forces are reported to be greatly increased over last year's figure.

Difficulties of terrain have prevented mechanization on a large scale, for tanks have a limited power in the mountain fighting which Italy would face in the Alps. This situation has also produced decentralized command, platoons and even squads operating on their own. However, motorization has been developed considerably and the quick thrust figures largely in Italian tactics. A mass-conscripted infantry will play the principal role in future wars. The League of Nations in 1935 estimated Italian forces as approximately 500,000 men, but today observers place the figure at 650,000. Reserves were estimated at 5,000,000 until Mussolini's recent boast of 8,000,000.

Of course, Fascist propaganda has efficiently prepared a morale for M-day which may have even more *brio* than that of the Germans. However, since the well-knit organization of the Germans might quickly suppress symptoms of unrest, the decentralized characteristics of the Italian army in the field might conceivably provide more chance for dissolution. Besides, the Italians (witness Caporetto) seem temperamentally somewhat less capable of supporting reverses.

The best tribute the Soviet army has earned came from the lips of General Loiseau, vice-chief of the French staff, when he spoke of "the colossal advantage of the Red Army over Western European forces." This rates as high praise, since the French staff has been politically one of the most reactionary in Europe. To Marshal Tukachevski, Vice-Commissar of Defense, is attributed the greatest influence in mechanizing and motorizing Soviet forces. He has made the statement, "The Red Army literally works night and day on the preparation of the country's defense, and to the assimilation of the formidable technique which the country has given it."

Two divisions are completely mechanized with light and heavy tank brigades, and ten divisions of the army are motorized. Last year in a Moscow parade 400 tanks were counted, undoubtedly only a small fraction of the tank forces. Tukachevski claims that tank production has risen 800 per cent between 1930 and 1934.

The Soviet air force, according to some observers, numerically exceeds that of any other European power, with from 3,000 to 5,000 planes. However, it is conceded that this figure includes many obsolete machines. Pierre Cot, French Air Minister, who made a tour of inspection in Russia, announced that Russian pursuit planes attain a speed of 380 miles per hour and bombers 300 miles per hour. Germany displays much concern about the strength of the Russian air force, and not without cause. For Russia can bomb enemy centers without fear of enemy planes bombing its own.

The size of the army has been variously estimated at from 1,100,000 to 1,300,000 men. While conscription feeds this force, the bulk of the recruits serve five years, which makes the army virtually a professional body. These figures include the Far Eastern army, of approximately 200,000 men. Distance of course would prevent this force from offering substantial assistance to the west in case of a general war. Thus the Red Army in Europe falls below the strength which the German army will soon have. A great weakness lies in the scarcity of railroads. In case Russia should be forced back from her first line of defense in the west, grave handicaps in this respect would arise.

In morale Russia ranks easily above the other powers. The Commissariat of Defense lays great stress on propaganda in the army. Soldiers undergo a vigorous political training, and the recently stimulated nationalistic propaganda has undoubtedly had considerable effect on the morale. Also, the Commissariat has been careful to see that Communist and Young Communist party members number 49 per cent of the army, and that the majority of peasants in the army come from collectivized farms. In case of war it is certain that the Russian army will display the extraordinary spirit of the French revolutionary army of 1793.

The first line of France's military machine is the extraordinary system of fortifications along the Rhine frontier called the Maginot line. A complicated network of steel and concrete emplacements, with elaborate communications, gas-defense equipment, electric power, light, telephone, radio, and fire control, these fortifications constitute a strong barrier against attack. Germans trying to breach it would be faced with an enfilading fire of all sorts of explosives and missiles from arms so stationed that all areas exposed to fire are covered. An alarm signal can set this in motion within two minutes. Manning this line, 24,000 crack troops including various bodies of experts were to have taken up their duties permanently last March.

The establishment of this permanent force marked the culmination of a great reorganization of the French army. After the war the permanent army of 106,000 was largely concerned with training the one-year conscripts. This arrangement met with so much criticism that reorganization began. The expert force in the Maginot line was one fruit, the creation of mechanized and motorized forces another. Within a few hours now, a large body of mechanized and motorized troops can be mobilized. This comprises seven motorized infantry divisions with tractor-drawn artillery and light-armored carriers and one mechanized cavalry division. While this does much to answer the demands of French partisans of Von Seeckt, France's military fate still remains in the hands of the conscript army. Last year the Chamber of Deputies gave approval to raising the military-service period to two years. Today France has an army ready to start a war of approximately 400,000 men (exclusive of forces in the colonies). Reserves are estimated at over 6,000,000.

The air force, similarly, has been renovated and ex-

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panded since 1933. Indeed, the French air force exists as perhaps the best answer to Douhet's dream. Organized independently of the army and navy, it appears capable of delivering a sudden blow at vital enemy centers. Numerically the French air force rivals that of Russia—3,000 to 5,000 machines; most of them, however, are considered out of date. According to the new conception of emphasizing quality rather than quantity, first-line planes have been reduced from 1,600 to 1,010. By the spring of 1936 two-thirds of the air force was expected to be furnished with new planes from a renovated airplane industry geared for large-scale production.

The question of morale in the French army is most important, for at the present time France is undergoing social revolution. The rank and file of the army represent so well the recent radical trend of the electorate that the mass of the army may be labeled "left." At a recent army parade near Paris troops overstepped discipline so far as to give the clenched-fist salute. This may have been by way of defiance to many of the officers, who are anti-republican, fascist, and royalist. Blum talks of the *"souffle republicain"* which must blow through the army, and left-wing leaders have been clamoring for a purging of the anti-republican elements in the army. Such a house-cleaning, however, might interfere with army efficiency and it is a grave question whether it can be accomplished. Only war can show whether the old *union sacrée* of the last war can be renewed, or whether anti-republican elements would sabotage an army carried on the uprush of social-revolutionary feeling.

Great Britain can hardly be classified as one of the great European military powers. The regular army (exclusive of the Indian forces) amounts to only 147,502 officers and men. The 176,945 officers and men in the Territorials (militia) really constitute a reserve force and would require some time to mobilize. Other reserves are estimated at approximately 140,000 men. It should not be assumed that 147,502 men would be ready for immediate service on the Continent, for disturbances on the border of the empire forced the government in the past year to send from 30,000 to 40,000 men to Egypt and Palestine. Indeed, during the Franco-British military conversations last spring, the French were said to have discounted any material aid from the British army in France and even to regard British military forces as quite inadequate to stem another German invasion of Belgium.

However, Britain's land forces, small as they are, have been thoroughly modernized recently, with mechanized regiments and motorized troops. Britain's air force, since Baldwin's famous remark about Britain's frontier being on the Rhine, has been considerably increased. Production of planes has proceeded on a vast scale and new inventions have been a prominent feature. The air force is estimated at 1,700 first-line planes, including squadrons in the colonies.

Profound doubt exists about the morale of any large army which Britain might seek to throw into a conflict on the Continent. The English tradition is opposed to both standing and conscript armies. Indicative of this is the fact that today the standing army is only made legal by the passage annually of a special Act of Parliament which suspends the operation of an older militia act; moreover, government ministers show great hesitancy about proposing conscription. At present the War Office expresses real concern because, in spite of a vast recruiting campaign, Englishmen have not responded to the call of the colors. Christian pacifism à la Lansbury, which has affected considerable portions of the populace, accounts for some of this; a persistent hangover from the last war and isolationism—almost as strong as in the United States—for the rest. In another war it seems probable that Englishmen will hardly spring to arms as enthusiastically as they did in 1914.

The navy, of course, constitutes Britain's real strength. In spite of much criticism at home and abroad, the British navy still prevails as the strongest in the world. It is significant that when the High Seas Fleet arrived in the Mediterranean in the fall of 1935, Mussolini suddenly adopted a conciliatory tone. It may be true that the menace of Italian bombers caused real apprehension in Admiralty quarters. But it is arguable that British diplomacy rather than any weakness in naval forces caused the British retreat on the Ethiopian question. In capital ships and indeed in almost all classes of naval vessels, except submarines, the British navy far outclasses any Continental power or any conceivable combination of Continental powers.

Thus if the military machines of the various European powers are set in motion, the struggle will involve highly mechanized shock divisions backed up by more or less well-trained conscript armies. The mechanized forces will not necessarily deliver an early fatal blow, not by a long shot. For so widely has the mechanization wave spread—Tukachevski's methods as an answer to Von Seeckt's, for example—that the new techniques are likely to cancel each other out. The same applies, in the opinion of many, to the techniques of chemical warfare. Opposing mechanized machines, in the opinion of many, may lock wheels in a stalemate from the start.

In such a case the conflict would settle down to the position warfare which military men ever since the war have been exerting themselves to find means to prevent. Some military authorities predict that economic exhaustion would then develop so quickly that breakdown of one side or the other would quickly follow. However rapid this tempo might be, it seems certain that mass conscript armies would certainly have to telescope the small armies of their own technicians. At that point morale would become more important than mechanization. It would hardly seem possible that armies could march on propaganda alone, and war can reach a stage where a nation in arms must show its guts. Perhaps the organizations of Goebbels and his like will turn out to have extraordinary success. But experience in the last war demonstrated that so far as morale is concerned, democracies have a better chance to stand adversity than autocracies.

[*Mr. Hanighen's article will be followed next week by a study by Maxwell S. Stewart of the economic resources of the various European powers.*]

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Art on Relief

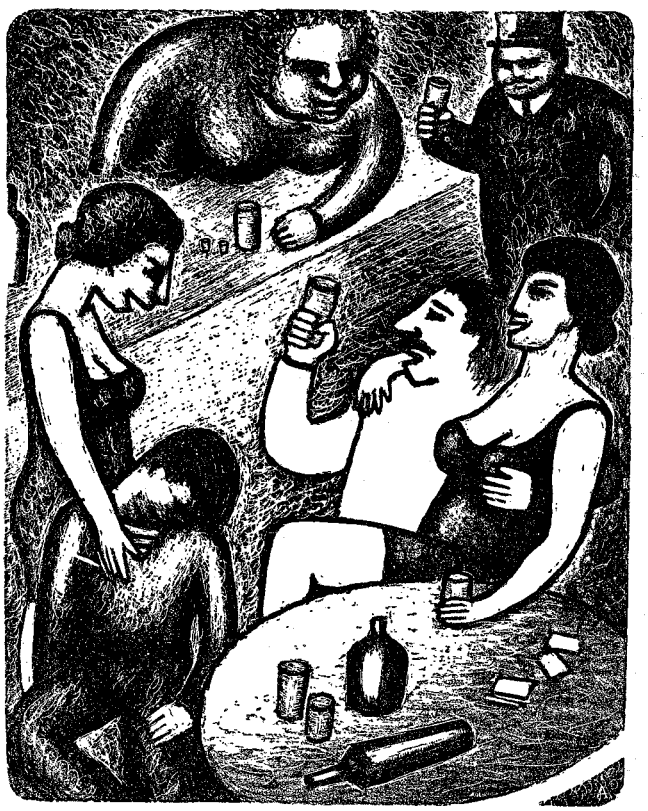
BY MARGARET MARSHALL

ART, for the average American, is a framed reproduction, hung too high and slightly askew, of a Maxfield Parrish heroine swinging in a blue-green-pink landscape which it is to be hoped nature will never be forced to emulate. On the walls of nondescript classrooms in grade and high school he may have seen, through glass darkly, conventional dusty photographs of sections of the frieze of the Parthenon, which in the sunny air of the Grecian day seemed alive and moving to passersby whose experience and faith it so richly expressed. The clear colors of the maps in the history department or in a test tube over a Bunsen burner in the chemistry lab are about as close to art as the average school child comes.

If our average American had a grandmother's house to visit he may have seen a chromo or two which had the merit at least of not being emasculated shadows of a remote culture. And if by good fortune he had the right great-grandmother still living in the right original home he might have found out that the average American has not always lived in an artistic vacuum either of taste or of participation. Our ancestors not only lived in finely proportioned houses, however simple, and surrounded themselves with furniture of extraordinarily good design and quality—again however simple; they also had portraits on their parlor walls which were often not mere likenesses but art in the best sense, and murals in their front halls painted with fresh colors and bold designs that so-called moderns might justly envy.

Between the early flowering of the decorative arts (its extent is only now being discovered) and our present relative poverty a capitalist industrial age has intervened. It has spread much of that "intellectual desolation" which goes with automatonic labor; by its overwhelming force it also upset all values and spread a colossal bewilderment which neither taste, talent, nor tradition could for the time surmount. All three were kept alive, to be sure, but mainly in the hothouse of the art gallery, where art rapidly became the privilege of the rich. The general public was cut off from its heritage; the artist, through being forced to compete in a narrow market on the hunt for sensations, was denied his natural growth. For all social purposes art went underground while mass production spread a film of "standardization" over the face of the land. But just as there is ample evidence that beneath the standardization of bathtubs and motion-picture magazines there still exists a rich regional diversity of extraordinary vitality, so it becomes increasingly apparent that artistic taste, talent, and tradition are still live forces in ordinary American life. It was perhaps to be expected that in a period when one industrial drive had spent itself—and its profits—and a new one had not yet begun, this artistic impulse should assert itself both as a search for compensation and as an autonomous social impulse. The gratifying thing is that it is gathering great impetus in the form of a popular response.

The evidence to prove these statements is to be found in the record of the Federal Art Project, which has released and stirred up an amount of interest and activity in art entirely out of proportion to the brief months of its existence. There has been much loose talk about the folly of covering innocent plaster walls with amateur murals. There is red tape, of course, and some boondoggling* in all colors. But the fact remains that the Works Progress Administration in the name of relief has had an amazing return of good art on its investment in the artistic resources of the American people. This is not to assume, of course, that the whole problem of the artist in society has been solved by putting him on relief which may be withdrawn at will; the Federal Art Project does serve as a blueprint to indicate the function that art might and should perform in a civilized society.



Barbary Coast by Ralph Austin, California

The range of the Federal Art Project, whose national

* This long-suffering word is used in its historic, not its diehard Republican sense. It was Maury Maverick who first recalled that in pioneer days to "toggle" was to contrive something useful out of almost nothing. Daniel Boone once invented a device which enabled him to carry his rifle on his head when swimming a river. It was called a "Boontoggle."

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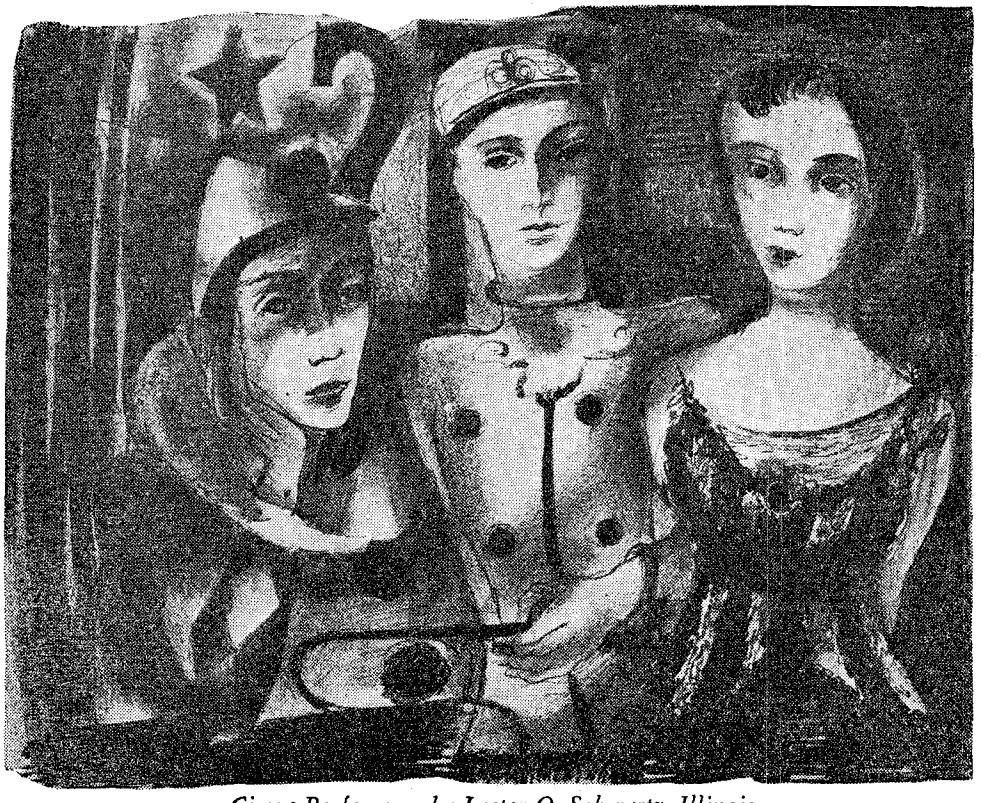
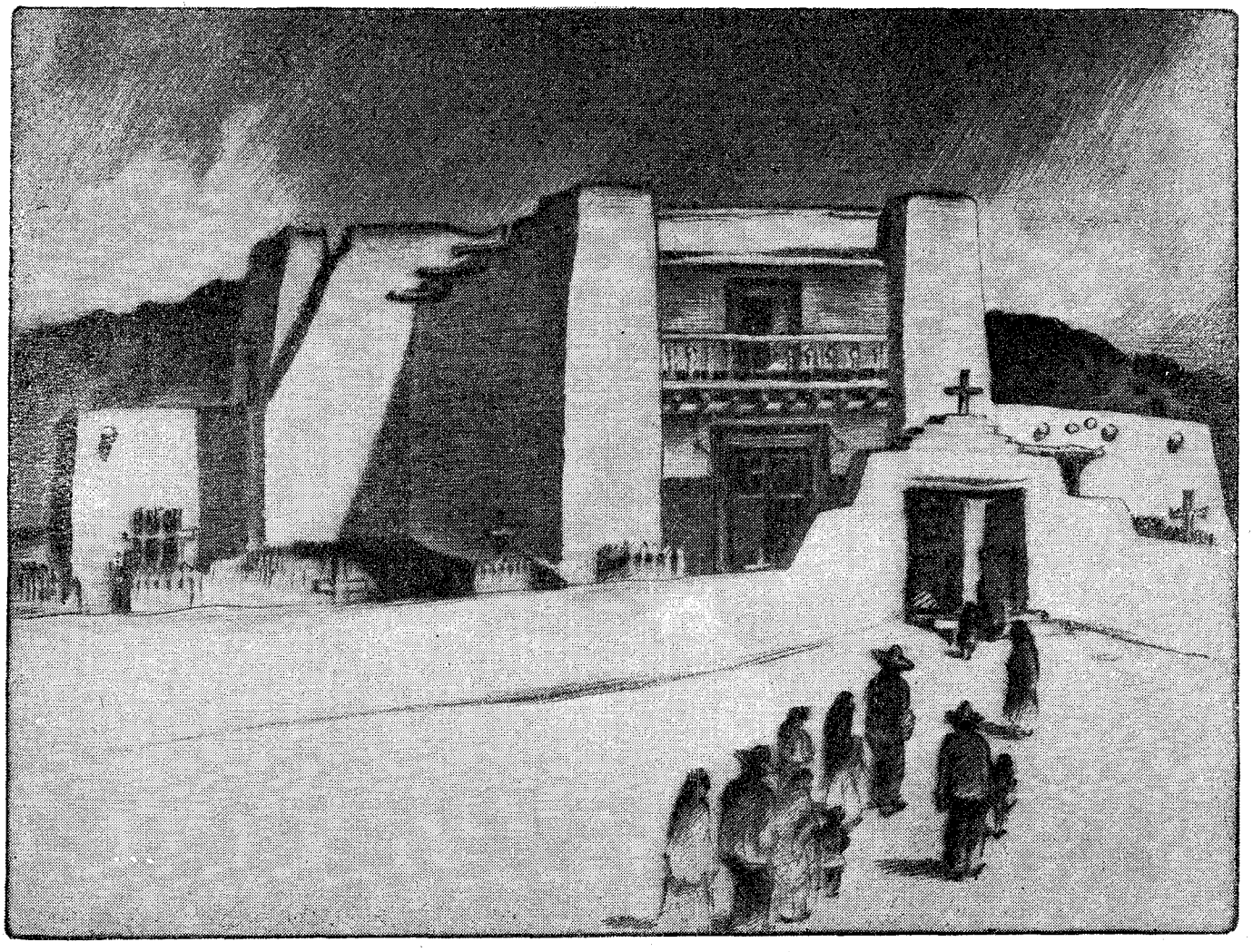


Circus Performers by Lester O. Schwartz, Illinois



Church at Trampas by Gene Kloss, New Mexico

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director is Holger Cahill, can only be suggested in this brief commentary. It is working in all three fields of taste, talent, and tradition: it has put artists to work in every state in the union; it is barnstorming the outer regions with traveling exhibits which are proving a great success; one of its most ambitious and important undertakings is the Index of American Design, which will bring together in portfolios a complete file of designs, past and present, used or created by Americans in the decorative arts. (Most governments in Europe have already performed this important and fruitful task.) The drawings which appear on these pages are samples of the work being done in the graphic-arts division. The black-and-white is the most democratic of all art forms because it is inexpensive to produce, and prints can be easily and widely distributed at relatively small cost. It is particularly ironical that dealers should have created for prints an artificial snob sale, so that individuals with but few dollars to spend on art have been deprived of its least costly form, while the artist has been deprived of a wide sale and therefore of that full use of his powers which is a condition for the highest development of any talent.

The Federal Art Project is helping to release the black-and-white from its artificial bonds. In order to avoid the charge as well as the fact of competition with artists not enrolled, the etchings, engravings, lithographs, and wood-cuts are not for sale. They are distributed to public institutions which have no budget for buying art. Portfolios or single prints are allocated to primary schools, high schools, colleges, libraries, hospitals, government buildings and departments, including federal, state, and municipal departments, and to various institutions supported in whole or in part by taxes. (A like procedure is followed in distributing murals and easel paintings.)

Women's House of Detention by Nan Lurie, New York

The subject and technique of artists working on the project are not regimented. They are, however, held to a high standard of quality by competent supervisors drawn from artists on relief or in some cases recruited from craftsmen who may be self-supporting or not close enough to the edge to qualify for relief. In order to insure high standards, up to 25 per cent of this supervising personnel may be drawn from non-relief groups. This has led, incidentally, to a new association among artists and craftsmen in which inexperienced artists or even pupils are associated with more or less outstanding men and women. In the large cities modern graphic studios have been set up; and here supervisors and assistants work together, exchanging skills and ideas, and achieving for the first time in this country a group activity among artists that is both stimulating and productive.

The project, being federal in its set-up and allowing for much local autonomy, is forwarding the literal decentralization of art. By creating a widespread interest in art it is expanding a market which has been hitherto concentrated in large centers, mainly New York. By the same token it is drastically changing the character of that market from snob to popular. In still another sense it is helping to make art and the artist an integral part of society. With the market organized as it has been, the artist who was merely a good craftsman could not exercise his talent. Given the opportunity to teach younger and more talented artists at a living wage, he is enabled to perform in his own bailiwick a socially useful function and at the same time follow his individual bent.

It remains to be said that the demand for the prints of the graphic-arts division, as well as for the output of the other sections of the Federal Art Project, far exceeds the supply. In hundreds of institutions the average Ameri-

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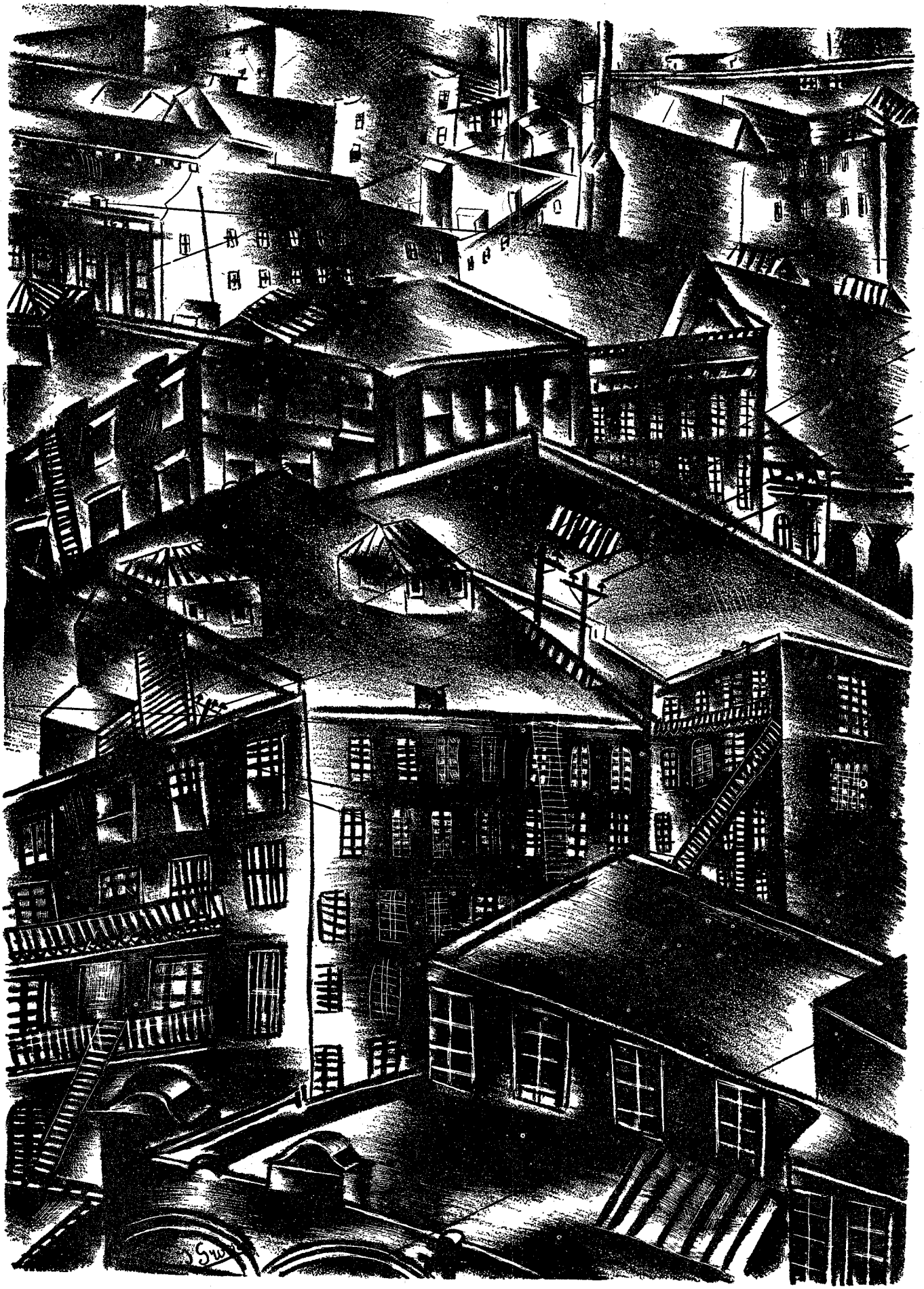

Factory Houses by John Gross Bettelheim, Ohio

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can is now having a taste of art, of indigenous American art, and he is obviously liking it. The accompanying prints bear out the claim of the project both as to the quality of its products and the lack of censorship of subject matter. They represent a wide geographical distribution as well as a broad range of techniques. Certainly such drawings will tend to bring to life the dead walls and dull hours of many a classroom. They will also further the primary aim of the Federal Art Project—to destroy the false concept of art as a luxury and put it in its natural place as a free and democratic expression of the life of a society.

Rendezvous With a Dream

BY BARBARA WERTHEIM

News item: Roosevelt, if reelected, may call kings, dictators, and presidents to great-power peace conference. To include King Edward VIII, Joseph Stalin, Benito Mussolini, Adolf Hitler, President Lebrun.

MR. ROOSEVELT: My friends, I am deeply moved as I welcome you here on this historic occasion. We are not met by chance, but each of us, designated by fate to strive to lead his country toward the larger life, is conscious as he stands here that he individually and all of us collectively have a rendezvous with destiny. That rendezvous we must keep. Out of it must spring a nobler future for all mankind. We can—

MUSSOLINI (interrupting): Words, words. I came here to talk business.

ROOSEVELT: All right, Duce, I'm with you. It's so soon after election, sometimes I forget that it's all over and I get started on one of those speeches automatically. By the way, how do you fellows keep it up, anyway? They tell me I've been pretty good lately, but that's just campaign foolery. We have a regular season for it—opens around the middle of August and—

KING EDWARD: I say, do you really? A season for orat'ry, what? I say, that's when the grouse-shooting season starts at home—August 12. Parliament adjourns and we all go to Scotland. Do come over, old boy, when you're not having a Presidential year. Put you up at Balmoral.

ROOSEVELT: Thanks so much, sir, I should be delighted. But as I was saying to the Duce, I couldn't stand up at any time in any year and wring tears and huzzahs from the crowd the way he can. What's the trick?

MUSSOLINI: What you need is a balcony. Always stand on a balcony and talk down to them. Your smile is all right, Mr. President, but it doesn't compare with my frown. Look fierce. That's what they want. Like this—[he strikes the famous Duce pose—hands on hips, chin jutted out, head thrown back, eyes glaring. There is a round of applause]. The *Führer* here has a pretty good system too, don't you, Adolf?

HITLER: Heil Hitler! *Ja,* sure. You have to get in the mood. First I get Putzi Hanfstängel to play me some Wagner—the ride of the Valkyrie. I close my eyes and think about the *Vaterland.* Then I read a chapter from "Mein Kampf." Then I am ready. I am inspired. The crowd goes wild. They worship me. Heil Hitler!

ROOSEVELT: Not bad, not bad at all. What's your method, Joe? You seem to go over with your people as big as the best of us.

STALIN: Very simple. I don't say anything. I call in *Pravda* and *Izvestia* and I say, "Write this down. 'Our great and beloved Stalin has made the greatest speech of his great career. So great was the crowd, it formed a procession seven miles long and marched around the Red Square for eighteen hours. Comrade Stalin is the greatest man in the world.' " Then they put up another picture of me, a hundred feet high and fifty feet wide, and the people read the papers and see the picture, and that is all they need.

ROOSEVELT: That's quite an idea, but I'm afraid I couldn't do that here. You know, sometimes I think America isn't the land of opportunity after all. But we were here to talk about something else. Now, let's see, what was it? Er—fishing? yachting? the navy?—something like that.

MUSSOLINI: It was colonies.

HITLER: It was the Ukraine, und maybe Austria. Maybe it was Czecho-Slovakia.

STALIN: No, it was Japan.

LEBRUN (humbly): *Pardon, messieurs,* it was what you call the peace, no?

ROOSEVELT: Yes, Papa Lebrun is right. Now I remember. Well, what do you suggest, Papa?

LEBRUN: *Tiens, monsieur, moi?* I do not know about these *grandes affaires.* I am an old man. I live in the Elysée, quite happy. When I go out they salute me and sometimes I go to the races in a silk hat. But the peace, I know nothing of her.

ROOSEVELT (to King Edward): And you, sir?

EDWARD: Ah, rather. Jolly good thing, peace. Now, we English, Mr. er—[aside, to Lebrun] I say, what's the fellow's name, old man?

LEBRUN: I think it is M. Woodrow Wilson, no?

(Just then a White House usher comes in with a telegram which he gives to Hitler while they all crowd around excitedly.)

HITLER: It's from Goebbels. It says "Lieber Adolf: Hermann and I have arranged a nice surprise for you. We have taken over the government so you can stay in America and have a long vacation. Don't bother to come back. Putzi sends his love. He is going to sing Parsifal at the opening of Hermann's new opera house."

MUSSOLINI: *Sapristi!* Why did I leave my country?
STALIN: *Zyxcvzcxh!* Think of Trotsky in the Kremlin!
(simultaneously)

(They both rush out as fast as they can go. There is a moment of silence and then a knock on the door, and Arthur Krock pokes his head in.)

KROCK: The boys from the press are outside, Mr. President. Can we have a statement?

ROOSEVELT (flashing that smile): Hello, Arthur. Why, yes, you can say that we have discussed the problem in detail from every point of view. No decision has been reached, but we are making progress.

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BROUN'S PAGE

SOME of the striplings around the office occasionally ask me, "What was New York like back in the old days?" At such times I eye them coldly, but if a hat chances to drop I can be induced to talk. And while a single one remains to listen I like to reminisce about the old, old *Morning Telegraph*. The office was on Fiftieth Street and Eighth Avenue in what had been the stable of the adjacent street-car railway, which was electrified before my time. I refer to the summer of 1908. But the paper remained a publication devoted chiefly to horses and vaudeville actors.

The first item which I ever wrote for print was a contribution to the first-page column of the paper which was signed Beau Broadway. It was accepted and run at the top of the column. It was something about Francis Wilson as a golfer. As I remember it was very comical. I took home six copies of the paper and felt that I was Beau Broadway. They started me on space and the first week I made $40, but of course that couldn't last. After that I was on a salary of $20, and it took me ten years to get back to the standard which I had originally set for myself.

Still, money wasn't everything because each night we played poker across the copy desk. We had two copy readers and they both sat in and read copy between pots. A story had to be very hot to get any attention after midnight. Even when I wanted to go home early I couldn't because Shep Friedman, the night editor, used to say, "I'm assigning you to the game, Broun." The reasons for this developed early in my ten months on the *Telegraph*. Shep was a good newspaperman but a terrible poker player. Most of the players in the game were printers, and when he tried to borrow money from them they would laugh at him. But I was a cub reporter. We played with money, and Shep would reach over to my pile and say, "I'll raise you fifty cents." If I raised him he'd take another of my dollars and say, "I'll raise you again." Pretty soon I realized that even if I won I'd only get my money back.

But he was nice to me, and the second day I was on the paper he gave me an assignment to do an interview. I was to have a by-line on it, but the thing didn't pan out. My assignment was to go to Hammerstein's Victoria and interview Valeska Suratt. Irving Lewis, the managing editor, heard the instructions and he said, "I guess I'll walk down with you." On the way down Broadway he gave me a good deal of advice about newspaper work and suggested that I should imitate his style. As we got near the stage door of the theater he said, "I think I'll do this interview myself." Then he added, "You better wait outside. You know she always kisses me."

I doubt whether any newspaper in New York ever had quite the intimate atmosphere of the old *Telegraph*. It was like a tough Emporia *Gazette*. The city room was always cluttered up with all sorts of people who didn't seem to have any business there. Very often you couldn't get to your desk because there would be a couple of chorus girls sitting there waiting for a friend who was finishing an editorial. I used to write editorials myself and it made me feel very lonely. Everybody wrote editorials. Generally at the last minute somebody would remember that we didn't have any editorials. Then Bide Dudley and I would each write one. The editorials were not regarded as very important because the *Telegraph* had no policy about anything except that it was against reformers. Vaudeville reviews were very important because the actors advertised.

The *Morning Telegraph* was a very hard place to get any sleep because even when the poker game broke up it was not my custom to go home. Charlie and I used to go over to the Eldorado, which was a dance hall covering several acres. I was young then and a basketball player. I'd hate to have to dance once around that floor now. Charlie was the assistant foreman of the composing room, and he and I were both somewhat smitten with the exhibition dancer at the Eldorado. She had a partner but she didn't care anything about him. She would sit with us until it came time to do her turn and then she would hand one or the other of us a silver dollar. This was not for keeps. It was the coin which was supposed to start the silver shower at the end of the act.

She would lock her arms around the neck of her partner, a man named Oscar, and he would move faster and faster until she was whirling around horizontally like one of those captive airplanes at Coney Island. There was a good deal of art to it. I mean on our part. Whichever one had the silver dollar had to pick precisely the right psychological moment to toss the coin out to the middle of the floor. If you picked the right time and made it land with a clang, quarters and nickels and dimes would follow.

I drifted apart from Elaine—I think her name was Elaine—after I began to go to Sweeney's. Sweeney's was a good deal tougher than the Eldorado. It was on the corner where Macy's now stands. Sweeney is gone too. They say he stabbed a man in the place one night. That's why I was so proud of having a fight with him. We quarreled about a girl. I was her escort and she was a stranger to him. He asked her to dance without first requesting my permission. I declined for her. When he asked a second time I punched him in the nose. They say we made a pretty picture rolling around on the floor together and that I was wise to keep on rolling. A waiter stood close by intent upon hitting me over the head with a bottle, but he couldn't tell which head was which.

But I see that the last listener has fled. You must pardon the garrulity of an old man. The melodies linger on. Here in my forty-eighth year sometimes I grow a little homesick for the old, old *Morning Telegraph* as I sit down to write a page about federal finances. And even now I can't say that I am sorry that I went to a car barn instead of a school of journalism.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

NOVELISTS KNOW WHAT PHILOSOPHERS DON'T

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IN THE issue of the *Commonweal* for August 21 there is an article called Philosophy into Fiction by Francis X. Connolly of Fordham University. I dare say that Professor Connolly and I would disagree about a number of things, including, perhaps, the ultimate implications of this very article, but I find here in an unexpected quarter a point of view which I should be glad to find more often in persons whose general convictions I am more inclined to share.

To begin with, Professor Connolly believes that today even the average "intellectual" has been more pervasively influenced by art than by philosophy, that his intellect (I should prefer to say his intellectual temper) has been molded more by Proust than by Bergson, by James Joyce than by William James, or, as he might have added even more strikingly, by T. S. Eliot than by Jacques Maritain. Even those who read stiffer and more formal works probably owe more to "Point Counter Point" and "Brave New World" than they do to the works of futilitarian or anti-utopian philosophers, and in most cases at least the admirers of Karl Marx read him—if at all—long after they had read various of the realistic novelists from Tolstoy to James Farrell. Nor is it really necessary for Professor Connolly to limit himself to "today." The chances are that in so far as the average Greek was imbued with the Greek Spirit he owed the fact more to Aeschylus and Sophocles than to Plato and Aristotle.

Professor Connolly is pleased that all he says should be so, and he finds it evidence of something more than a mere childish desire on the part of the public to have its pill of philosophy sugar-coated by fiction. He sees that the concreteness which art requires holds the artist close to observed fact, while the philosopher can readily escape into a world of concepts much easier to manipulate. But I am not sure that he would follow me all the way into a paradox which I am tempted to risk—namely, that art is more convincing than philosophy because it is, quite literally, truer; that, to take cases, Proust is truer than Bergson and Mr. Farrell truer than Marx.

The novelists are, to be sure, less clear and less precise. But for that very reason they are truer. Every philosophy and every "ideology" must sacrifice truth to clarity and precision just because we demand of a philosophy or an "ideology" greater clarity and precision and completeness than is compatible with human knowledge or wisdom. What is most true and most valuable in any philosophy is not the tight and inclusive system which it presents but those glimpses and divinations and *aperçus* which the philosopher later formalized into his philosophical system. Most of us are not Platonists or Spinozans or Nietzscheans. We have accepted insight from each while rejecting the whole which each pretends to present. And it is just the philosophical superiority of art, not only that it suggests the complexity of life and human character, but also that it is everywhere closer to the most genuine and the most justifiable portions of man's thinking about life.

The realm of science on the one hand and the realms of logic and metaphysics on the other are separate from the realm of literature. The first deals with a physical world relatively so simple that systematic conclusions and usable laws may, temporarily at least, be formulated precisely. Logic and metaphysics, on the other hand, deal not with facts but with concepts, and their precision is analogous to the precision of geometry, where one is dealing not with complex and incompletely known nature but with premises of which one is sure because they are merely postulated. But philosophy in the more popular sense of the term, philosophy which consists in conclusions about human life in general, is often merely an inferior kind of art; art, that is to say, which has assumed a definiteness of statement which nothing can justify while it has lost the warmth, the vitality, and the eagerness of genuine art. Proust, one might contend, is truer than Bergson because Proust is communicating an experience to the meaning of which Bergson had attributed a specious definiteness and completeness. Mr. Farrell, one might go on, is truer than Marx because he is sharing with us those observations concerning the influence of economic factors on life which Marx attempted to reduce to laws and which his investigations of economic processes were, at bottom, merely efforts to justify. And the larger part of the intellectual public is more familiar with Proust than with Bergson, more familiar with novelists like Farrell than with Marx, because, even when unaware of its reasons for doing so, it rebels against the ambitious falsity of philosophy while accepting the human persuasiveness as well as the human elusiveness of art.

I shall press the paradox no farther. Already it has carried me a bit farther than in sober earnest I should care to go, but the element of truth that is in it ought at least to make plain the error of those who insist that a novel or a play should have not only a meaning but a doctrine as well. The best as well as the most effective works of art may sometimes be those in which the author is in pursuit of a truth, but the only reason for composing a

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novel or a play instead of a treatise is that the author is unwilling to reduce to a formula an insight which he can present without violation only through a concrete situation whose implications he can sense but only sense. Once the meaning of a work of art can be adequately stated in abstract terms it ceases to have any *raison d'être*. It has ceased to be truer than philosophy and has become at best only the sugar-coated pill.

If those are right who maintain that the field of what we positively know and can state with precision is constantly growing, that even the uncertainties and ambiguities which still surround every insight into moral and psychological situations are destined to disappear in the light of clear and positive knowledge until there is nothing important about man which we do not know with scientific precision, then the field and the utility of art are shrinking, and the time will come when it will cease to have any function at all. But art will continue to exist and to be truer than philosophy just so long as—but no longer than—there are truths which elude formulation into laws.

BOOKS

Anthropologist

AFTER ALL. By Clarence Day. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

CLARENCE DAY was essentially an anthropologist and the essence of his work is in "This Simian World." His "Life with Father," a large excursus on the manners of a particular family, has perhaps temporarily obscured his first book. But "This Simian World" remains his masterpiece, his outline of human behavior, and his revelation of his own original, profound, and humorous character. I do not know any other book of its length which says as much as this about the race of mankind, or any book ten times as long which says more. If "Life with Father" were not so delightful, admirers of "This Simian World" might wish that it were Day's only book and could be referred to merely as Day, as the histories of Gargantua and Pantagruel are sufficiently known as Rabelais.

But in an age of journalism Clarence Day was naturally called upon to write more than his masterpiece, and besides the domestic sketches which have been collected as "God and My Father" and "Life with Father" he leaves a variety of charming odds and ends now brought together in "After All," which is a revised edition of "The Crow's Nest," his second book, with about as much again of later dates. Here are The Three Tigers, which in five hundred laughing words practically exhausts the subject of romance and realism; the masterly note On Cows; and Objections to Reading, a subject barely hinted at in Day's general survey of simian traits. Here is Buffoon Fate, on being aware—and on what good it does to be aware—of the plight of "a fragile yet aspiring species on a stormy old star." Here are little pungent studies of Coventry Patmore and Artzibashef and Hardy and Shaw and Fabre and Maeterlinck and Hamlet and Hume and Epictetus; surprising shrewd biographies of Thackeray and Charles Dilke and Parnell and George Washington; and random comments, not as random as they may seem, on fashions in love, grammarians, nursery and nonsense rhymes, animals to take the place of machines, fear in rabbits and by analogy in men, elections by jury, life in the Arctic, business, time as god, immigration, knighthood, prophets, Lyman Abbott, Perneb, Socrates, and the wife of Prometheus. Some of Day's observations are slight, not all of equal merit or point, and his verse is plainly inferior to his prose. But he never wrote more than a few lines without saying something that startles and pleases. "After all," his wife in her preface quotes him as saying, "it's just my way of looking at these problems and people." He always had a way. Most of his readers will never have reflected on the passion of architects for flights of steps. Day, crippled by arthritis, saw the world as full of steps, and his Legs vs. Architects will make everybody suddenly see, and feel, them.

His wife in her preface tells how he revised "The Crow's Nest." "Some of the essays he discarded; others he pruned carefully to get rid of the personal animosities, overweighted sarcasm, and long-winded philosophizing. Most of all, however, he wished to get rid of the creaking mechanics of humor, such as parentheses, semi-comic explanations, and jocular asides." To compare the two versions is to see that his editing was as skilful as his writing had been.

This is a good occasion to point out, I believe for the first time in print, that Day ten years ago did an earlier piece of editing which would be classic if it had not been overlooked. The Harpers asked him to edit in two volumes the essays of Frank Moore Colby. He put in most of a year in reading and rereading all of Colby's writings, as when a boy he had read, he told me, "Robinson Crusoe" and "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Gulliver's Travels" over and over. When he was saturated with these essays, and had the feel of them and of their author, he undertook to do what Colby might have done if he had lived, revising and rearranging until what had been a scattered chaos, full of topical matters, took on a lively and lasting form. Apparently nobody noticed what Day had done until I was collating some of the Colby essays eight years later, perceived the changes, and wrote to ask him about them. He said he had always wondered how he dared take so many liberties and whether he would be blessed or cursed if an investigation ever came. "Yes," he wrote, "the 'credit' belongs to me if it is one, but I think of it as a responsibility which I took without asking permission."

I suppose no editor ever took such a responsibility and carried it out with less recognition and more success. But now it ought to be told that "The Colby Essays" owes as much to Day as any book ever owed to a friendly editor.

CARL VAN DOREN

A Program for Socialists

AFTER THE NEW DEAL, WHAT? By Norman Thomas. The Macmillan Company. $2.

IF THIS book is a campaign document, it is one of a new sort, for it fixes the reader's attention quite as much upon the problems of 1940 and 1944 as upon the issues of next November. Indeed, it is the projection of present forces into the future which makes the discussion arresting. The thesis is that the next catastrophe of capitalist society in America, whether war or depression, threatens fascism. This Mr. Thomas finds in the advanced and irreparable decay of capitalism, in the willingness of Americans to follow such a promising fascist leader as the late Huey Long, and in the unresented denials of civil liberties currently widespread in this country. Within half a generation or less, Mr. Thomas im-

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plies, the stage will be set for the crushing of freedom, but we need not reconcile ourselves to seeing the play acted out.

A farmer-labor party, of which he seems to entertain some hope by 1940, may put us immensely forward in preventing the devolution into an imperialist totalitarian state. The backbone of such a party would be the progressive labor groups now under the sway of Messrs. Lewis and Hillman. Into it would go the Socialists, the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation, the Wisconsin Progressive Party, the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party, and the Communist Party, if this last "can persuade its allies of the sincerity and reasonable permanence of its new line." Each of these groups, pledged to one national platform, would retain its identity, keep and strive to extend its own membership. "The Socialist Party's most useful future may be as an educational force in the vanguard of a real farmer-labor party."

The Socialist Party must not permit the conciliatory inclinations and immediate, often opportunist, demands of other groups to water down insistence upon the essential prerequisites of an economy of abundance. These essentials are the common ownership and democratic management of the great means of production, which must be employed in production for use, not profit. Mr. Thomas is quite prepared to accept the responsibility of the leftmost leader in the American economic struggle, a position in which he finds himself as a result of the recent emasculation of Communist professions. Adjustments within capitalism, hope placed in a "clarifying amendment" of the Constitution, merely waste "with prodigal hands time and energy already perilously limited. *The issue is revolutionary* . . . Capitalism cannot be rejuvenated. . . . Its loyalties are daily more anti-social and unlovely. Its institutions grow steadily weaker save as they acquire the feverish strength of fascism." If we do not use power machinery to conquer poverty, it will destroy us. "Here, there is no middle way."

Though this is an eloquent book, the author does not fall victim to self-deception. He is realistic, solemnly so, about the difficulties which lie in the path of a social revolution in America. The unreadiness of the majority in the labor movement, the inert condition of the farmers, the pathetic eagerness of liberals to vest their hopes in messiahs, the growing contentment with mere distributors' cooperatives, and most of all the necessity of realizing socialism on an international scale are all passed in candid review. This is anything but a book of dogma. It reveals the wise and experienced public man, readier with charity than with compromise, devoid of personal ambition, and mindful of conflicts of thought and action the whole world over.

In the earlier part of the volume Mr. Thomas reviews the premises, practice, and results of the New Deal, placing it in perspective. Many critics of President Roosevelt's program have regarded his policies as directed at recovery more than at reform. Mr. Thomas is at once more accurate and more destructive of the President's title to prophecy by acknowledging and analyzing the belief of the Administration that the New Deal would produce permanent prosperity. Here Thomas and Roosevelt are on different levels of knowledge, with Thomas possessing the advantage. He points out that the New Deal not only did not but could not succeed.

In some sections the book becomes a family conference with Socialists. Many will welcome Thomas's discussion of the recent withdrawal of the Old Guard centering in New York. "Unquestionably," he says, "it had on many occasions served the party loyally and well. It had, however, grown old in spirit and, consciously or subconsciously, suspicious of younger members. It had carried on a great fight to save the party from communism, it was tired and it reacted more quickly and more aggressively to a threat of communism . . . than to a threat from the old familiar capitalism. . . ." It really stood less upon principle than upon the determination to possess the party leadership. Despite the Old Guard's sabotage of the national party, Mr. Thomas will welcome back members of this group when reflection and time have freshened their ideals.

Mr. Thomas rightly shows that Socialist adherence is far greater than reflects itself in party membership. He might have pushed his claims farther. Any observant person must have been struck with the growth of Socialist contention from bitter analysis in the time of Marx, to lonely theoretical insistence a generation ago, to impressive contribution in our present crisis. In this achievement of formulating socialism for America without losing sight of universal and ultimate objectives, Mr. Thomas in the last decade has played the most important part.

BROADUS MITCHELL

Statement Without Passion

THE MEDITERRANEAN AND OTHER POEMS. By Allen Tate. The Alcestis Press. $7.50.

THERE is today a kind of sterility in much of the poetry by our recognized poets. We may blame the age or the poets, but it is there. Several of these poets, like Allen Tate, are better known for their critical essays than for their rather sparse poetic output. The reason is clear. This is a period of redefinition to include or oppose new ideas concerning art and its place in society, an age in which the poet works with statements which he may or may not be able to clothe in feelings. "Poetry," writes Tate in his essay "Three Types of Poetry," "finds its true usefulness in its perfect inutility, a focus of repose for the will-driven intellect that constantly shakes the equilibrium of persons and societies with its unrelieved imposition of partial formulas upon the world. When the will and its formulas are put back into an implicit relation with the whole of our experience, we get the true knowledge which is poetry."

But for all his definition of inutility in poetry, Allen Tate's own verse proves him to be in much the same predicament as the proletarian poets who use ideas in poetry—with the difference that he is working to reaffirm old and dying values. Critically, Tate is against propaganda in art, but he writes propaganda. He desires a wholeness of culture, preferably agrarian, but he knows that today there is no whole culture furnishing to the artist significant and familiar symbols. Tate dwells, therefore, upon the lost past. This past, for him, may be the classical age or it may be pre-Civil War Southern society.

Tate's poetry, despite its carefully wrought lines, its intellectuality, its occasionally striking images, is without that emotional impact upon the reader which true poetry provides. And if it is not poetry of "the revolt against the domination of science," of "the will trying to do the work of the imagination," which Tate, taking Yeats's definition of rhetoric, declares to be the root of romantic poetry and of its frustration, it escapes these precise categories only because Tate, being a modern intellectual, cannot give way to any sensation. He is incapable of poetry expressive of the whole creative experience and is unable to rely, even for the length of a lyric, upon a purely sensuous experience. His poetry and critical essays present one picture—that of the dialectician involved in a play with definitions. He is not a poet of wit, for he lacks a group

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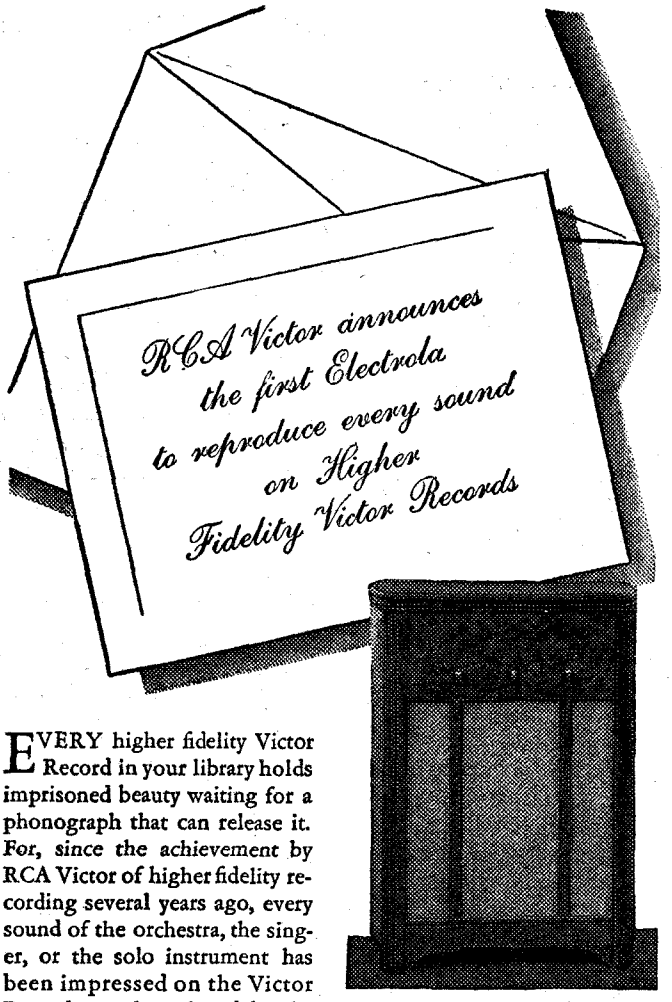

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of values generally accepted by a society which may be scoffed at genially. He must define his values and then scoff, and he does neither with a light touch. Nor is Tate a satirist, for satire is written best when the values of a social group are so well known, so nearly outworn, as to be hated. Tate lacks hatred and, for the most part, any real passion. He is ponderous, rhetorical; his oratory is forced, as if a scholar took the soap box and spoke not so much to move his audience as to prove himself clever with words.

The two most impressive poems in this book are The Mediterranean and To the Lacedemonians, both poems of intellectual frustration. The first poem is on the lost classical age of man's greatness—a theme that has been better handled by other poets. The second poem is concerned with the tragedy of the Civil War, a favorite subject of Tate's. The heavy satire The Ivory Tower criticizes the sociological approach to poetry and to life; The Meaning of Death attempts to define modern man's mental predicament. Here, as often in Tate's work, the images are artificial:

> Although at evening clouds infest the sky
> Broken at base from which the lemon sun
> Pours acid of winter on a useful view
> Four water towers, two churches, and a river.

The ending of the poem, "We are the eyelids of defeated caves," is a very forced image of defeat. And how can a really good poet write such a line as

> Like a young harlot's false depriving pap,

or work out such a silly image as the following?

> Yet in a year, at thirty, one shall see
> The wisdom of history, how she takes
> Each epoch by the neck and, growling, shakes
> It like a rat while she faintly mews.

No, there is something wrong here. Tate is abstract and confused; he lacks feeling, music, grace. Some of his slight poems, metaphysical in manner, are not bad. But on the whole he pays the penalty of the artist espousing a special, narrow cause, of the logician who would argue for past greatness and complain of present tendencies. EDA LOU WALTON

A Monument to Medicine

AN AMERICAN DOCTOR'S ODYSSEY. By Victor Heiser. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.50.

HERE in New York City or Yonkers (which periodically boasts the lowest death rate in the country or state, I forget which) we accept general good health as a matter of course. Fifty or a hundred cases of infantile paralysis become news of front-page importance, and Hollywood stars are advised to stay out of their swimming pools. Even physicians, nurses, and social workers trained in health matters will find it difficult to visualize a smallpox epidemic in a town of 1,000 people in which 500 die; they will find it difficult to grasp the actual significance, in human suffering and pain, of life in a land where half the children die before they reach the age of one year; where plague, cholera, dysentery sweep down to kill thousands; where leprosy, tuberculosis, malaria, typhoid fever are constant scourges; where practically every adult is infested with one or more parasites. It was a land such as this that Dr. Heiser found when he was given the job of supervising the health problems of the Philippine Islands after they were taken over by the United States; this book gives us the story of his career.

Dr. Heiser began his work in the Marine Hospital Service,

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where he was active in formulating an effective policy of health control of immigrants into the United States. When this country took over the Philippines he became first the Chief Quarantine Officer and then the Commissioner of Health. In 1914 he became Director for the East of the International Health Board of the Rockefeller Foundation, a position which afforded him the opportunity of carrying out vast public-health programs throughout Asia and Africa.

In the Philippines Dr. Heiser carried out a policy of health education, sanitation, mass vaccination, and quarantine control so great in scope and so momentous in effect that the simple description of his career becomes at once a work of major importance, even a monument to the author and the profession of medicine. The straightforward story of the conquest of one disease after another, the accounts of sacrifice and actual heroism need no literary embellishments to make an absorbing and fascinating book.

There are chapters of intense drama, the more effective because so simply told. The matter of teaching whole peoples, numbering millions, to use latrines instead of scattering their excreta over fields and alleys may appear trivial but represents a greater victory for mankind in its fight for health than perhaps even the discovery of insulin.

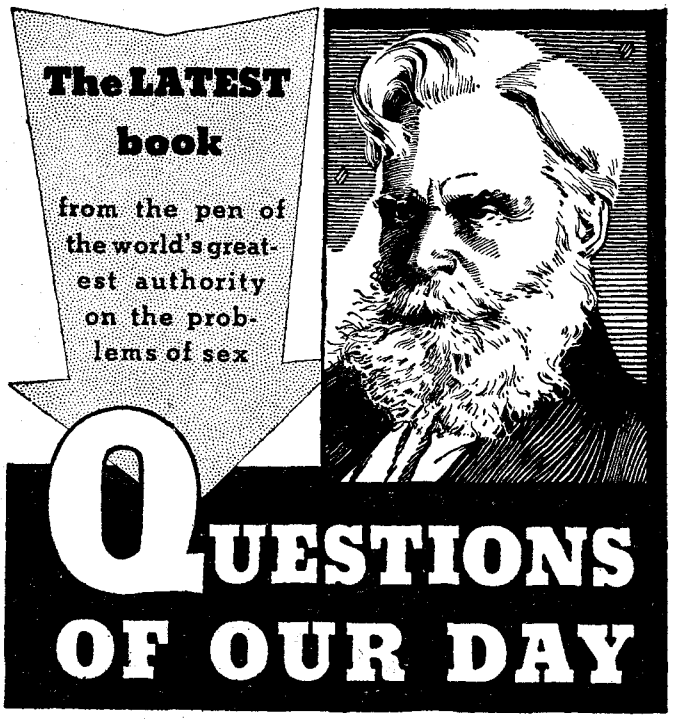
As a representative of the Rockefeller Foundation, Dr. Heiser traveled around the world sixteen times, winning the confidence of critical, often unfriendly officials, organizing health campaigns, advising on the establishment of hospitals, medical schools, health departments, and health ministries. His greatest efforts were exerted for the control of hookworm infestation, a disease of almost universal incidence in the tropics. The results have been brilliant.

Dr. Heiser resigned from the Rockefeller Foundation in 1935. His was in all ways a career of success, achievement, and honors, and it is set forth in a lively if not too modest a manner in this book. For the story of his accomplishments one can feel no hesitation in giving the author unstinted praise. But in another respect the book is a deep disappointment. Perhaps it is not fair to expect a man whose work was so integral a part of American imperialism—a word that curiously does not once appear in the book—to see the significance of the force which motivates all the foundations and institutes scattered among the "backward" peoples of Asia, Africa, and South America. But there is certainly no excuse for repeating in 1936 the drivel that McKinley gave the world as justification for the annexation of the Philippine Islands.

Other doubts also arrive as one reads this book, and Dr. Heiser does not put them to rest. He tells us proudly of the enormous increase of wealth in the Philippines under the Americans, of the increased production of sugar, tobacco, copra, hemp, gold. But he also tells us that "the average Filipino cannot even afford the two and a half pesos for 250 grains of quinine, an average treatment."

Dr. Heiser is surprised that "the Filipino had a difficult time comprehending that anybody should want to do anything for him without expecting something in return; he was always looking for a concealed motive. Service without expectation of reward, in the Anglo-Saxon sense, was outside his cosmogony, and he regarded giving for the sake of giving as absurd." Will Dr. Heiser forgive us if we too find it a little difficult to comprehend all this altruism? What especially confuses us are the figures of increasing American investments and increasing profits from these investments in the Philippine Islands, Asia, and everywhere else that American imperialism and American philanthropy appear side by side.

DAVID BERES



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Tough Talk

STEPS GOING DOWN. By John T. McIntyre. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

THE merit of this novel is that it sees life steadily through a peep-hole exactly fitted to its author's eye. The room of the world into which it conducts us is not necessarily an existing room. The city seems to be Philadelphia, and the moment is certainly contemporary; but the atmosphere, the furniture, and the fauna of the place had been created before Mr. McIntyre came along, and they were, as they remain, works rather of art than of nature. The naturalistic novel, the hard-boiled romance, the detective story, and the low-life movie had built the vulgar universe which here we see. The only new thing about it is its extraordinary clarity, its unannounced, undiscussed, and in the end quite fascinating completeness. It obeys its own crude laws with a perfect complacency; the existence of any other world is never noted; so that Mr. McIntyre's reward is our willingness to go with him wherever he goes—down whatever mean street, into whatever odorous boarding-house or tavern—because it cannot occur to us to doubt that these places are there for us to enter. And the number of them is very great, just as the population of Mr. McIntyre's fabulous city is beyond count; scarcely a chapter fails to bring forth some new creature consistent with the prevailing human pattern, and as likely as not his family or his friends will pile into sight before the author is through with him.

It is perhaps less accurate to say that we see this Philadelphia than to say that we hear it, and hear it talking. Mr. McIntyre's conversation is the bulk of his book, and it is most remarkable. He can do something with dialogue which is rarely done —build up not merely the mind, if any, that is expressing itself but the body also. The talk of these people is all meat, all human meat. The sarcasm of Pete, the bright helpfulness of Thelma, the hard-bitten loyalty of Sadie, the corruption of Hugo, the motherly wisdom of Dora, the rottenness of Cork are somehow there in the flesh, making themselves heard amid the din of cheapness for which in fact they supply with their various voices the true pitch, the keynote. Lowness here becomes lyrical, as for example when each of two streetwalkers within Pete's hearing curses the other in the conviction that she has failed to keep the code. There is always a code, of course, as apparently there must be among the unrespectable, at least in fiction; and Mr. McIntyre nowhere suggests that there is any other kind of honor among his people than the kind with which fiction has made us familiar. His originality is of another sort, making itself known by the very special rankness with which Klegg and Spig and Toumey become real as soon as we overhear them murdering the English.

The failure of another class of persons in the book to be as convincing as these are is the sign of Mr. McIntyre's only limitation—a serious one, it seems to me. The class is represented by Gill, who has run away from a rich and educated family to live in back rooms of boarding-houses and drink the time away with fine fellows like Pete. It would appear that Mr. McIntyre had invented Gill as a sort of frame for his picture, a man bearing enough marks of the world outside to serve as a line drawn around this one of thieves and pimps and crooked lawyers. But Gill is entirely fantastic; for either he lapses into the lingo of Pete and Dora, and so becomes useless for his purpose, or else he soars off into occult nonsense concerning souls and their envelopes, and concerning the sins of modern science. Together with his uncle and several other men who lug a lot of curious learning into the book he is too mad to be interesting. I am not sure how seriously Mr. McIntyre takes these metaphysicians who so often stop the story; I do not know, for instance, whether to suspect him of a desire to reveal the respectable world as by and large a less wholesome one than Thelma's; but anyhow I must set the fellows down as phonies, and make a note of my failure to believe that Pete could have tolerated their big talk for ten minutes.

It is as if Mr. McIntyre had lacked after all the courage of his talent, and had tried to soften what was otherwise so perfectly and so uniquely hard. He could have confined himself to tough talk and still reminded us that there are other realms of discourse. The desire of any ambitious novelist is to suggest that the world he gives us, no matter how large it may be, is part of the still larger one which no single mind will ever master. How the thing is done only a great novelist knows; though anyone may know that it is not done with clouds of words. The cheapness of Mr. McIntyre's device, matching as it does the essential cheapness of his story, makes it impossible to call his novel very valuable. When it keeps within its limits, however, and sets its people sassing one another over their whiskey, it is quite literally priceless. It could have had no serious competitor for the honor it recently won as American contender in the All-Nations Prize-Novel Competition. If it goes on and wins over its European rivals it may be diverting to hear what the wide world thinks about the City of Brotherly Love.

MARK VAN DOREN

Trotsky on World Trends

THE THIRD INTERNATIONAL AFTER LENIN. By Léon Trotsky. With an Introduction and Explanatory Notes by Max Schachtman. Pioneer Publishers. $3.

WHITHER FRANCE? By Léon Trotsky. Translated by John G. Wright and Harold R. Isaacs. Pioneer Publishers. 50 cents paper and $1 cloth bound.

A BOOK by Léon Trotsky is always an aesthetic and intellectual event, whatever attitude one may take toward his political credo. "The Third International" and "Whither France?" are representative Trotsky works, with all the author's strength and weaknesses. I doubt whether any political writer of the last decades has achieved anything approaching that clarity of style, that pregnancy of phrase, and that lucidity in the expression of thought. Unfortunately, however, his works have become in an increasing measure polemic attacks on the domestic and foreign policy of the Soviet Union.

In the "Third International After Lenin" the caustic quality is less apparent, though this, the earlier of the two works, presents Trotsky's side of the Stalin-Trotsky controversy. Written in 1928 in Alma Ata during the first period of Trotsky's banishment, the volume includes two major essays the larger of which—"The Draft Program of the Communist International. A Criticism of Fundamentals"—was written for the Sixth Congress of the Communist International as an appeal against the author's expulsion from the Russian Communist Party. Few of the delegates to this July, 1928, Congress were given an opportunity to see that important document, and even those few saw only the garbled and much abbreviated version that survived translation.

In his critical analysis of the program as presented to the Sixth Comintern Congress by Bucharin and Stalin, Trotsky investigates economic and political conditions in the coun-

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tries of Europe and the United States, and arrives at the conclusion—which he later qualified—that the Socialist revolution is "immeasurably closer" in Europe than in America. At the height of an unprecedented prosperity, in June, 1928, he foresaw that "the very next crisis [in the United States] will attain extremely great depth and sharpness." True, this prediction was in line with the accepted position of the Communist International and the American Communist Party. He differed from the official view in this, however, that he did not, as did the Comintern and its followers, see in this coming crisis the beginning of the end of American capitalism. The Communist Party of America paid dearly for its failure to recognize this obvious truth.

This investigation of American economic development is merely incidental to a general examination of world trends undertaken to demonstrate the Trotsky theory of the world revolution. It was Trotsky's contention that no country can carry on independently of the rest and that, consequently, socialism in one country is a dangerous delusion. From this to a general condemnation of Stalinite policies is the next logical step. Trotsky takes it in his stride. With characteristic foresight he outlines the inevitable consequence of Comintern practice—that it must lead along opportunist paths to compromise with bourgeois groups and governments. That it would ultimately result in Russia's entry into the League of Nations not even Trotsky would have believed possible eight years ago.

As one follows the clear line of Trotsky's reasoning, one is impressed and fascinated by the force of his arguments and the irresistible logic of his theoretical presentation. But it is the tragedy of this truly great mind that it so completely fails to grasp realities, that it cannot see things as they are when they contradict preconceived opinions and contravene accepted standards of action. The way of Trotsky and his followers has been an Odyssey of tragic mistakes and inconsistencies. Brought face to face with harsh reality, Trotskyite intransigence gives way in the most unexpected places.

One need only read "Whither France?" with a mind attuned to recent developments to realize how completely Trotsky has failed to evaluate the forces at work in present-day France. In the five articles—written between February, 1934, and June, 1936—which make up this book (the last of the series, The French Revolution Has Begun, appeared in *The Nation*) Trotsky pleads for a united front of labor but denounces a people's front which would include the petty-bourgeois Radical Socialist Party, which, in his eyes, is synonymous with counter-revolution. Without deceiving oneself as to the true character of the party of Herriot and Daladier, one must admit, in all fairness, that its representatives in the Chamber of Deputies gave an unexpected demonstration of loyalty to the Popular Front in their support of Blum's far-reaching legislative program and in their attitude during the strike period.

When the 1936 elections, contrary to Trotsky's predictions, gave a sweeping majority to the democratic group in Parliament, the People's Front had no alternative but to shoulder the responsibility it had incurred when it challenged the forces of reaction at the ballot box. Fascism was the only other choice. It behooved the labor parties to gain the respect and confidence of those workers and small farmers who form so large a part of the Radical Socialist Party by an honest fight against the common foe. Trotsky would have sacrificed this chance to win their support by brusquely refusing to cooperate with them on any terms.

Pioneer Publishers, in offering these translations to the American public, have made an important contribution to current political discussion.

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Next Week in The Nation

TROUBLE IN CALIFORNIA

An Article by John Steinbeck

DRAMA

Class Day

FOR reasons best known to himself the skilful and popular playwright Philip Barry has chosen to revise for Broadway production a college comedy called "Spring Dance" (Empire Theater) which was written by two young ladies while they were students at Smith and performed there on some academic occasion. Even in its original form the piece must have been quite a remarkable achievement for young undergraduates, but the trouble is that Mr. Barry has not been able to dispel completely the class-day atmosphere. By moments the play is amusing enough in a rather guileless fashion, but the machinery creaks, and the dialogue is full of intramural humor which, like the family joke, is a trifle embarrassing in public.

The story concerns itself with a beautiful senior in love with a young man who fancies himself singular in feeling that marriage is a handicap to the ambitious male. He is about to be off on a vague exploration of Russia and its wonders, but when he seems to have some difficulty in making any goodby final, the classmates of the heroine form a plot to bring him to his senses—if that is what it is. Now any play which turns upon the question of whether or not a determined woman will get the man she has picked out for herself is necessarily devoid of suspense. Hence "Spring Dance" is compelled to rely for such interest as it has upon a picture of college life which wavers between realism and satire, and upon humor which consists rather too largely in jocose professorial sesquipedalianisms or in flip citations from the more celebrated literary classics. One is seldom sure whether one is supposed to be laughing with or at the adolescent wit and wisdom, and the defect is fatal. Most of the student talk is rather too stenographic to be either very amusing in itself or very pointed as satire. Mr. Barry, in other words, has failed to provide the perspective which was hardly to be expected of the young authors themselves.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

VICTOR has followed Sibelius's Violin Concerto with the remainder of the Sibelius Society Volume 4: the symphonic poems "Night Ride and Sunrise" and "The Oceanides," played—with occasional wavering of pitch at the ends of records—by the B. B. C. Symphony under Boult (three records, $5). These are works that I would expect a record company to issue only by subscription for the Sibelius-cultists, since I cannot imagine anyone else believing with Sibelius that his skill in construction and orchestration has succeeded in converting nothing into Something. And while I am on the subject, let me add a word about the Violin Concerto. It is, I said, mature Sibelius; but what is matured is the whole of Sibelius—the weak with the strong. Constant Lambert has observed, in defense of things like "Finlandia" and "Valse Triste," that it is better for the commonplace to be definitely segregated into a separate genre than for it to be an all-pervading aroma as it is in the music of Richard Strauss. But the

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commonplace, in Sibelius, is not segregated in "Finlandia" and "Valse Triste"; and one finds it in the second and third movements of the Violin Concerto, and even in passages of the first movement, which is the one movement of impressive consequence in substance and structure—that is, in the principal theme and its development in the form of cadenza for the solo violin.

If I survive this I shall have to dodge the bombs of the Brahms-cultists for my opinion of Brahms's Sextet Opus 18, recorded for the first time by the Pro Arte Quartet with assisting artists (Victor, four records, $8). With the first theme one is aware of the earnest young composer desirous of improving his moral nature; from then on one is aware of his desire to improve his technique of composition; and the result, to me, is a bore. The performance is adequate, the recording imperfect in balance.

Superb, on the other hand, in their richness of substance, vitality, spontaneity, and color is a group of Dvorak's Slavonic Dances, brilliantly played by the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra under Vaclav Talich (Victor, four records, $6.50). On a single disc, moreover, Victor has issued a charming Entr'acte from Johann Strauss's "Thousand and One Nights," beautifully played by the Berlin State Opera Orchestra under Blech, and coupled, for some strange reason, with the Overture to Reznicek's "Donna Diana" ($1.50). Another strange coupling is the Furiant from Act Two of "The Bartered Bride," and Leo Sowerby's "Irish Washerwoman," played by the Minneapolis Symphony under Ormandy ($1.50). And there is "O del mio dolce ardor" from Gluck's "Paride ed Elena," with beautiful singing by Gigli, and the Flower Song from "Carmen" on the other side ($2).

My discussion of hot jazz a few weeks ago ended with a reference to the performance of "Some Day, Sweetheart" by the Benny Goodman Trio, which will serve as an excellent introduction to another outstanding player, the clarinetist Benny Goodman, and to the brilliant drummer, Krupa. Wilson, Goodman, and Krupa play marvelously together; in some of their recent records there is, unfortunately, little but this brilliance of mere style. "Lady Be Good" (Victor 25333) is better than the others; but the group is at its best accompanying the mediocre singing of Helen Ward in "All My Life" and "Too Good to Be True" (Victor 25324). And as it happens, the finest examples of Wilson's recent work leading a small band are to be heard in performances of these two songs on Brunswick 7640 and 7673. Very good, also, are "If You Were Mine" and "Eeny Meeny Miny Mo" (7554), "Life Begins When You're in Love" and "Rhythm in My Nursery Rhymes" (7612), "These n' That n' Those" (7577), and "Sweet Lorraine" (7520).

Goodman has his own superb band, which because of its size plays arrangements that afford only occasional opportunities for solos. What with the quality of the arrangements, the band, and the solos of Goodman and one or two others, recent performances of "Remember" (Victor 25329), "Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea" (25268), "Stardust" (25320), and "Basin Street Blues" (25258) have been about as good as such performances can be. But I prefer the more spontaneous performances he recorded with small bands a few years ago: "Basin Street Blues" (Columbia 2914-D), in which Teagarden's trombone solo and the spirit of the entire performance are superior; "I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues" (2835-D), "Texas Tea Party" (2845-D), and the masterpiece "Moonglow" (2927-D). (Teagarden plays, I believe, in all of these; Teddy Wilson in the last.)

B. H. HAGGIN

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"Whose Medicine?"

[*The following letters are selected from many we have received about Mr. Rorty's articles on the medical profession.*]

A SERVICE TO MEDICINE

Dear Sirs: I want to congratulate *The Nation* on the service it has performed through publishing the series of articles on Medical Politics by James Rorty. The time is ripe, and rotten ripe, for exposure of the political methods employed by "organized medicine" to prevent a change which will bring adequate medical care to all the people.

I was greatly impressed by Mr. Rorty's method of securing the facts upon which he based his series as well as by the remarkable manner in which he condensed and clarified a highly involved and very long story of the machinations of the medical politicians and the cabal into which they entered with big business in order to keep health insurance out of the Social Security Act and defeat it temporarily.

Personally I am glad to have had the "Case of John A. Kingsbury" fairly presented to the public in *The Nation.*

JOHN A. KINGSBURY

New York, August 15

A. M. A. METHODS

Dear Sirs: I have carefully read James Rorty's articles in your issues of June 24, July 4, and July 11. The fourth number has not reached me, and I assume that it has not appeared. As I am just leaving for Europe, it seemed to me best to write to you in regard to the three articles which have appeared, without waiting for the final one.

I think a distinct service has been done by stating the "Case of John A. Kingsbury" and the Milbank Foundation. As far as my own information goes, Mr. Rorty states the case correctly. I have personally felt that it was most unfortunate that the medical profession should use the method of the boycott in order to enforce its views in disagreement with the work of some of the foundations. Even a superficial knowledge of the circumstances which have led to the very rapid improvements in medical education during the last thirty years brings one unavoidably to the conclusion that medical education in this country is under a profound debt to many of the foundations, such as the Carnegie Foundation, the Rockefeller Foundation, the Milbank Foundation, and some others. As a matter of fact, the original report on medical education in America made by Mr. Abraham Flexner was under the auspices, if I remember correctly, of the Carnegie Foundation. Today under the aegis of Dr. Fishbein and the American Medical Association these foundations have been violently and I think unfairly criticized for work which they have done and publications which they have put out in an attempt to clarify the situation in regard to medical care in this country. Whether one agrees with them or not, the work which they have done seems to me of basic value and of importance as evidence in the case, which must ultimately be decided not by the medical profession but by the public.

Mr. Rorty's second article discussing the objections of Dr. Fishbein and the American Medical Association to the development of group practice also seems to me a valuable contribution. I have long held the view that group practice is a very desirable development and one which in many respects is quite inevitable in the days to come. I have not felt that the American Medical Association has always dealt with these questions in a judicial manner, and at times it has been clear that it is in fact defending vested interests rather than trying to discuss dispassionately possible alterations in the pattern of medical service.

Mr. Rorty's third article, entitled Whose Medicine? does not seem to me nearly so valuable. He sheds considerable light upon the enormous advertising business carried on by the American Medical Association, but I do not find in his article any very helpful answer to the question which he asks.

HUGH CABOT,
The Mayo Clinic

Rochester, Minn., July 31

MAKING HASTE SLOWLY

Dear Sirs: Your magazine, and Mr. James Rorty in particular, is to be congratulated upon the splendid manner in which you have brought to the public's attention the great controversy now raging in this country regarding a more adequate spread of medical care.

Mr. Rorty, however, in his articles displays the tendency of most laymen in not understanding the slow movement of medicine in adopting anything that is new. Medicine has always had false paths open to it, and if it had not been for its natural conservatism, it would not occupy at the present time the respected and scientific status that it enjoys. It is perhaps better for the public that medicine should progress slowly and cautiously rather than plunge hysterically into things without mature and deliberate consideration. Measures now considered conservative were deemed most radical fifty years ago.

Mr. Rorty's "prognosis" is undoubtedly true. There is one thing, and one thing only, that can change this "prognosis," and that is for organized medicine immediately to recognize the system of budget payment for medical service conducted by groups of ethical doctors, legitimatize this form of practice, and supervise and control it. If it will openly approve and sponsor such movements there is little doubt in my mind that the idea will prove so popular that it will not be necessary to institute state medicine, and that this form of practice can go hand in hand in every doctor's office with the old system of private practice for those individuals who prefer it. A splendid public-school system has not put out of existence the private school.

I can speak as one who has suffered greatly through the intolerance of organized medicine and who has had to go through the fire of persecution; but I anticipated this when I became a medical reformer. For all my unpleasant experiences, I still feel that my profession is intelligent enough eventually to accept progressive principles in the economics of medicine, and have no doubt that we shall all live to see the time when organized medicine will accept such principles to safeguard itself in the future.

The outstanding success of the seven-year-old experiment of the Ross-Loos Medical Group in Los Angeles, which has adopted progressive principles in the economics of practice and conducted this experiment along highly ethical lines, demonstrates what can be done by others if diminished opposition to such a plan shall be forthcoming from organized medicine.

H. CLIFFORD LOOS, M.D.

Los Angeles, Cal., August 6

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FOR THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

Dear Sirs: I have reached radicalism by way of *The Nation.* I believed—nay, swallowed hook, line, and sinker—its exposés of all kinds of rackets, political, industrial, economic, insurance, and so on. For the first time, in James Rorty's articles, I read an "exposé" of conditions of which I happen to know something, from a mere thirty years of practice of medicine.

If all *The Nation's* criticisms of present conditions are as unfounded, warped, misinterpreted as this series of articles on the medical profession, maybe the Liberty League is right and maybe I should vote for Landon (God forbid). If Rorty knew how unsatisfactory to both patient and doctor inefficient, unscientific, contract practice usually is, he would admit that that is the worst racket of them all. I, and every practitioner, can testify to the fact that many patients who are entitled to free medical treatment from their lodge doctor, their company doctors, and so on, refuse these treatments and go to private physicians and pay the regular fee.

A RADICAL PHYSICIAN

New York, August 16

PROBLEMS OF GROUP PRACTICE

Dear Sirs: Here are a few comments on James Rorty's articles on medical organizations, in recent issues of *The Nation:*

Article 1: Such terms as "medical hierarchy," "unscrupulous sabotage," "minority clique of reactionary politicians" tend to confuse readers, and conjure up emotions of anger and distrust. I have thought that statements of facts and principles might accomplish more. But I suppose that is a criticism of literary style, and you know your public best.

The story of Mr. Kingsbury's resignation, as Mr. Rorty told it, was very illuminating. I had often wondered about, and on one occasion tried to find out, the inside story of the loss to liberal medical progress which his resignation represented. Also, for my own personal information, what was the exact role of the editor of the Detroit *Medical News* (page 803) in the events which immediately preceded "the kill"? I have heard certain queer statements locally—something connected with a visit to Detroit of the Public Relations Counsel of the Borden Company immediately preceding the resignation, which made me think that the directors of the Milbank Fund were listening to the loud voices of a very few medical writers in local or county medical bulletins. At the time I did not believe that these opinions represented the rank and file of the profession. . . .

Article 3. The characterization of the American Medical Association as owner of a successful commercial magazine, just as directly responsible to its advertisers as is any newspaper or periodical, was a revelation to me, and I am sure it will be to others.

I think the local, state, and other official societies loom too large in the layman's estimate of medical organization. They are only debating societies. . . . The real medical unit is the hospital, and many of them care very little what goes on in these county societies. Hospitals differ vastly in organization and outlook, but I am sure that the collective heads of hospitals generally—by that I mean the medical men responsible for the professional work in them—hold as a group a much more liberal view of what changes should take place in the practice of medicine than would seem to be indicated by the expressions of opinion of the American Medical Association or a few county societies. Witness the indorsement of group hospital insurance and other schemes by the American College of Surgeons and the American College of Physicians.

Article 4: . . . The problem of the development of group medicine on a scale adequately to serve large numbers of our population is not simple. After considerable interest in the matter, I came to the conclusion that the Committee on Medical Costs did not have any clearly worked-out program for its development, which is a vastly different thing from the announcement of its benefits. Most successful private group clinics are the outgrowth of large individual practices, usually dominated by one or a few men, who have volume of business enough and enough talent for organization to grow out of the "one-man medical-business" stage. . . . The Mayo clinic and the Crile clinic are so outstanding that for the average run of doctors they are not illustrative cases. The trouble as I see it is this: Unless there is a certain number of patients in a group the various diversifications and specializations of medical practice cannot be evolved or maintained, especially in larger cities. The banding together of a small group will not increase their combined practices sufficiently to offer very much better service than the public can get from their colleagues. On the contrary, the professional ostracism which this banding together produces is apt to militate against the doctors in the group in that their medical contacts, sources of referred patients, and so on cease. For these reasons I think most doctors under present conditions will prefer to develop their specialties in free hospitals and dispensaries and try to "go it alone" in their private practices. . . .

I personally do not think that group medicine serving large numbers of persons of moderate means will get very far without large subsidies, either from universities, wealthy individuals, or the state. . . . The immediate problem is not to demonstrate the worth of this form of medical practice but to persuade a sufficient number of people—lay and medical—that it is worth while, to make them demand such service on the one hand and supply it on the other. Short of socialized medicine, I think a few demonstrations of successful group clinics catering to persons of moderate means would be highly educational.

Now as regards constructive suggestions: . . . Further exposition of the personal viewpoints of the officials of the American Medical Association would, I think, be in order, including the Bureau of Medical Economics. How sound are its investigations and certain of its findings which have contradicted the opinions of recognized experts working in the privately endowed foundations? The movement for group organization in medicine seems to have slid back, and payment schemes for hospital care to have taken its place. To me, the latter is a mild reform, but I suppose an entering wedge. Why doesn't someone with the necessary money sponsor a few more experiments in the field? I mean actual demonstrations, not literature.

HARRY C. SALTZSTEIN, M.D.

Detroit, Mich., August 20

THE ONLY REMEDY

Dear Sirs: I read Mr. Rorty's articles with a great deal of interest. I don't agree with all of his deductions. Mr. Kingsbury was in charge of the activities of the Milbank Foundation for a number of years. During that time he, in the name of the foundation, did pretty much as he pleased. His attitude toward the medical profession was roughshod and impatient. The directors of the foundation did nothing to stop him. When he came back from Russia, a convert to communism, that was more than the directors of the Milbank Foundation, who are in

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Wall Street, could swallow. So they used the pretext that he was antagonizing the medical profession and fired him. Can you see a doctor telling his patients not to buy Borden's milk because Mr. Milbank, the president of the Borden Company, is also president of the Milbank Foundation, and the foundation is sponsoring the view of its executive director, who believes that all the people are entitled to adequate medical care and should get it just as they get schooling or police and fire protection, without paying for it directly?

Does Mr. Rorty really believe that the American Medical Association is opposed to socialized medicine because Dr. Fishbein wants to hold his job as editor of the *Journal* and is afraid that if we have socialized medicine the drug houses will not advertise any more in the *Journal* and Dr. Fishbein will lose his job? The officials of the county, state, and national medical societies oppose socialized medicine because it is so different, so untried, and they are naturally conservative. Mr. Rorty can hardly accuse the doctors of withholding medical service from people who need it just because they haven't any money. In this city more than half of the sick are being treated in the free clinics by doctors who aren't getting paid, and I don't know how many more are being cared for without charge in the private offices of doctors. This, too, in the face of the fact that the average income of the doctors has dropped more than 50 per cent and they are having a hard time making a living.

More than 80 per cent of the people do not and never have earned enough to get adequate medical care when they need it. The various plans being suggested to provide medical service without imposing too serious a financial burden are proof of an almost hysterical search for a remedy. But lodge practice, contract practice, employers' or employees' aid associations, group practice, voluntary or involuntary insurance, and exhortations to budget incomes do not fill the bill. Competition in medicine should not be for the greatest financial return but for skill and ability. This can best be seen in the wards of the public hospitals, where the members of the visiting staff use all facilities and all their skill for their patients. These patients are poor, have no social standing, and do not choose their own doctors, but they get the best the doctor can give them.

That is why I believe that socialized medicine is the only remedy.

MORRIS ROSENTHAL, M.D.

New York, August 6

THE COOPERATIVE METHOD

Dear Sirs: The conditions which produce ten million unemployed and place twenty million on relief are precisely the conditions which place the majority of people in the United States outside the zone of adequate medical service. The fact that 38 per cent of our population receive no medical care at all when incapacitated by disease is a small part of the story. The important fact is that only a few of the rich—namely, the intelligent rich—enjoy the full advantages of the art and science of medicine. . . .

State socialization of medicine is coming as a result of indifference on the part of the people most concerned. It brings medical service to those not served without it. There is little tendency on the part of any government to relinquish it, once it is entered upon. Its advantages, in the absence of anything better, are obvious. It possesses the disadvantages inherent in the expansion of state functions and in the impersonal mechanization which characterizes governmental services.

The cooperative method of health protection represents non-political service in the interest of patients. In Denmark it is the prevalent method of medical practice. Yugoslavia, Sweden, and many other countries are steadily developing this method. In Holland there are consumers' cooperative health societies with as many as 122,000 members in a city of less than four times that population. Cooperative consumers' societies and cooperative banking unions are also employing physicians on salaries to care for their members. In the United States there are enlightened physicians who are advising their patients to organize themselves into cooperative health societies and employ a physician on a salary basis. . . .

This cooperative method offers possibilities of preserving the fast-disappearing family physician, who is being destroyed by the same forces which are destroying the family, forces which official medicine in the United States is so zealous in continuing in operation. The cooperative method, which preserves this useful person in something of a pastoral role, which addresses his attention to the prevention of disease, which guarantees his income and gives him a position of self-respect in the field of science, should have much to recommend it to the public and to the doctors.

JAMES PETER WARBASSE, M.D.

New York, August 22

CONTRIBUTORS

ALVIN JOHNSON, director of the New School for Social Research and president of the American Economic Association, aroused great interest with his article on the monetary problem, Debt and the Devil, which appeared some time ago in the *Yale Review.*

FRANK C. HANIGHEN, coauthor with H. C. Engelbrecht of the widely read "Merchants of Death," is now on the staff of the *Living Age.* An article by him, Arming the Industrialists, appeared two weeks ago in *The Nation,* and to the September issue of *Asia* he contributes Can Japan Withstand Sanctions?

MARGARET MARSHALL, who with Mary McCarthy did a series for *The Nation* on Our Critics, Right or Wrong, contributed more recently Waiting for Lewis, an article from Pittsburgh on the meeting of the steel workers' union.

CARL VAN DOREN, critic and biographer and former literary editor of *The Nation* and the Literary Guild, is appearing currently in *Harper's* with an autobiographical series, Post-War: The Literary Twenties, which will be published in book form in the fall.

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